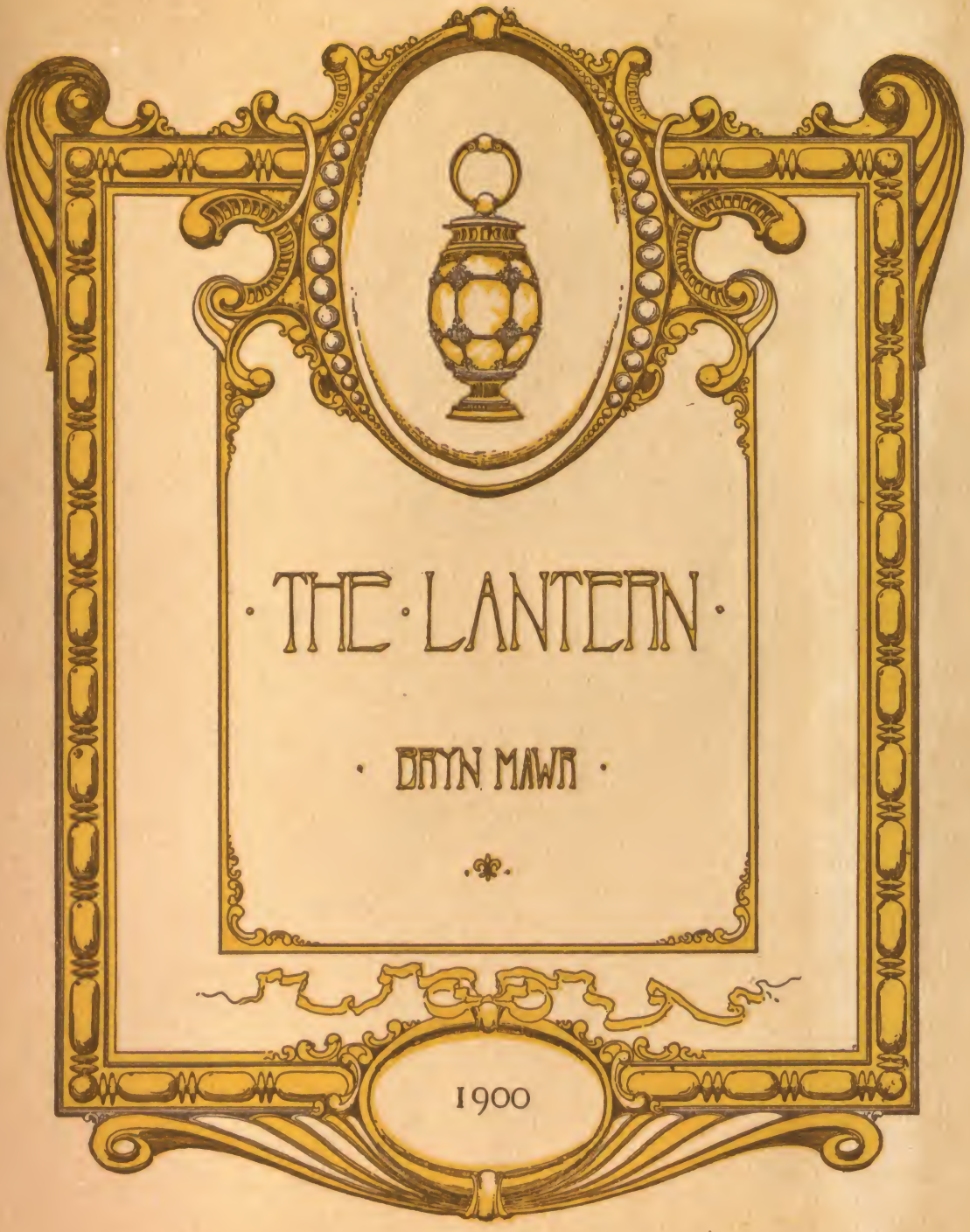
THE LANTERN
BRYN MAWR
1900

THE LANTERN

BRYN MAWR COLLEGE

1900

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THE LANTERN

No. 9 BRYN MAWR JUNE, 1900

EDITORIAL.

IN the spring of 1891, when the first LANTERN was published, the editorial dealt with the question as to just what were the characteristics which distinguished the resident life of Bryn Mawr from that of other colleges. Nine years have passed since then, and it seems time to pause once more and consider what the characteristics now are; whether they are the same or not, and whether or not we can now draw from the individuality of our life any conclusions with regard to our resulting personalities.

Bryn Mawr is unique in two respects, one academic and the other social. The first is our privilege of specialization, both in undergraduate and graduate work, and the second is our Self-Government Association.

Bryn Mawr was the first woman's college to adopt the group system, and to allow the youngest student to choose her own course, within certain large limitations. Beside the specialization through the group system, we have been peculiarly fortunate, from the opening of the college, in having among us always a considerable number of specializing graduate students through whose presence the undergraduate is brought into closer contact with real scholarship than would otherwise be possible.

By means of the group system all students are closely united in the class room and sympathy between fellow-students is thus made to extend from one class to another and is not confined within the limits of a single class. Nevertheless, that the group system lessens class feeling, as was stated in the LANTERN of 1891, is fortunately or unfortunately no longer true. Though we may all be fellow-students, we are not fellow-classmen, and with regard to our own class, we are only too jealous of its dignity and privileges.

However, even if the group system is not sufficient to unite us into a perfect whole, and even if class feelings is often intense, we have not-

withstanding something which at times draws us all together and demands the loyalty and support of every freshman and of every graduate, our Self-Government Association. Perhaps the strongest emotions which we ever have here are those aroused by a self-government crisis. We do not, of course, all agree upon the several points which arise, but our very disagreement shows the intensity of our feelings.

It is from the combination of these two unique features, the group system and the Self-Government Association, and from our sense of difference, because of them from other colleges, that the so-called Bryn Mawr spirit is developed.

What this spirit is, of which we hear so much, it is almost impossible to decide. One thing is certain with regard to it, that it has two manifestations. One of these is seen in our attitude within the college community and the other in our attitude toward the outside world. In its native soil the Bryn Mawr spirit is a proper growth with all its parts turned toward the same sun, but when once it has straggled beyond the restricting garden-wall it loses all sense of proportion and tries to overrun the surrounding countryside. Such is the evil tendency of the spirit which in its normal condition gives us our unanimity. Such is the so-called *arrogant Bryn Mawr spirit.* This tendency, however regrettable, it but natural, and is the legitimate outgrowth of our sense of isolation and uniqueness in the fundamental characteristics of our life. In fact, what is mere difference we often falsely imagine to be superiority.

Far more significant, however, than our questionable tendency to consider ourselves better than others is our enthusiastic unanimity of feeling, which is able to accomplish almost anything. For instance, nothing but the loyal support of the whole college, students and alumnæ, would have made it possible for the committee successfully to carry through the plans for a May Day Fête, by means of which are thoroughly aroused our expectations, no longer dreams, of a Students' Building. This in its turn, it is hoped, will bring the students and alumnæ more closely together, and will enable us, one and all, to continue loyal to our already large and growing body of precedents.

Granted that unanimity is our great and treasured characteristic, it is perhaps advantageous to consider how we have attained to it in the past and how we are to preserve it in the future.

Having always been comparatively small in numbers, we have been

doubly anxious to be efficient, and have been always willing to sacrifice upon the altar of our general ideals our individual desires. This is a point very clearly stated by Hegel in his *Philosophy of Right,* in which is emphasized the suppression of the particular will for the sake of the universal goal. "The good is the idea, or unity, of the conception of the will with the particular will. Abstract right, well-being, the subjectivity of consciousness and the contingency of external reality, are in their independent and separate existences superseded in this unity, although in their real essence they are contained in it and preserved. This unity is realized freedom, the absolute final cause of the world."

It is only when every student of the college is fired with a sense of personal responsibility that sympathetic harmony can be preserved. Therefore it is that an attempt is made to impress upon every entering freshman a realization of her importance. She is told publicly that the future of self-government lies with her, that it is hers, to cherish or to abandon. She is made to feel that she, and not the presiding officer, is responsible for the maintenance of Bryn Mawr's most sacred heritage. Duty is a word which, perhaps for the first time in its full significance, comes home to the thinking freshman.

But beside the public expression of her importance to the community there are countless occasions when the newcomer is brought face to face with Precedent. Longing always to do the right thing, and bravely to bear her share of the burden, the young aspirant is ever on the watch for college customs, and bows before them with a reverence which is truly touching.

Though Precedent is a word which has most significance to the freshman, Duty and Responsibility are words which the upper classman can never get away from. *My* duty, for the sake of the whole! *Your* duty! This is our problem. We have first to find our ideal—the Good, and then to set about discovering the means toward it, which will be our Duty. For a concise exposition of the identity of the Good and Duty we have to turn once more to Hegel.

"In behalf of conscience, or the mere abstract principle of determination, it is demanded that its phases shall be universal and objective. In the same way in behalf of the good which, though it is the essential universal of freedom, is still abstract, are required definite phases; and for these phases is further demanded a principle which must, however, be identical with the Good. The good and conscience, when each is raised into a separate totality, are void of all definiteness, and yet claim to be made definite.

"Still, the construction of these two relative totalities into an absolute identity is already accomplished in germ, since even the subjectivity or pure self-certitude, which vanishes by degrees in its own vacuity, is identical with the abstract universality of the good. But the concrete identity of the good and the subjective will, the truth of these two, is completed only in the ethical system."

If what has been said thus far is true, we are seen to be a unanimous community, striving toward a common goal, the exalted position of Bryn Mawr. That this harmonious mind which exists among us, ever increasing, is the result of the group system and of our Self-Government Association, some may dispute. But certain it is that these are the two outward features of the college which were most conspicuous in 1891, and which remain so to-day. Both of these distinctive points are necessarily such as to draw us together, and that they should also be the means of developing in us a sense of personal responsibility is only natural.

In looking back over the decade, if we can feel that Bryn Mawr has given to all those sheltered within her quiet walls a profound view of the duty of the individual to the community, we surely ought to feel that by this, if by nothing else, she has justified her existence. But if to this admirable characteristic is added, as the result of it, a sincere sense of harmony within the community as a whole, we certainly can have no fears for the future, and can expect to see Bryn Mawr occupying the noble and lofty position which it is the ardent desire of her daughters that she shall deserve.

HEART'S DESIRE.

Heart's Desire sat on a low stool at her mother's knee. She was sewing on a piece of white lawn, grown quite soiled by the hot, persevering little fingers. Suddenly she uttered an impatient, "Just see there now!" and held her sewing out to her mother with a crimson spot on the hem. The mother readjusted her eye-glass and peered at the stitches. "You have pricked your finger, darling," she exclaimed. "Let Marmie see and kiss it."

"No, no!" said Heart's Desire, "it doesn't matter about my finger, but will it come out?"

"Yes, dear," answered the mother, rocking comfortably, "bloodstains always come out of white."

They had the hotel veranda all to themselves that July morning. Save for the mother and the little child at the far corner, the wicker rockers, in line against the wall, were empty. The Lower Road along the beach, however, was crowded enough, and with sharp eyes you could distinguish your friends from the veranda. The bathing-beach too, away around at the other end of the curving shore line, was black and populous. It was what lovers of the island called a "Pellywaret day." The sun shone brilliantly, but nowhere too warm, and the air had that peculiar quality of Pellywaret air, a clearness as of new-polished glass. The water of the harbor was a pale, shining gray, with green lights in the shadows, and the cat-boats, with white sails full spread, hardly moved upon the glassy surface. Heart's Desire, however, had her back to the harbor, and for the mother, all the wonder-lights of Pellywaret waters were not so beautiful as the little red slippers she was knitting.

The mother's hair was quite gray as it rolled back from her temples with their slight, unyouthful hollows. There were fine wrinkles about her eyes. She looked older than forty-eight. She was a woman of stately bearing, but of a very humble heart; not a thinking or a clever woman; she was merely greatly loving. That glad Pellywaret morning, in her wonderful present joy, she could let her thoughts run back, though without

conscious introspection, to those years of her life when she had slowly learned not to hope. They little dreamed, her clever, active sisters and brothers, while she busied herself so happily with her excellent housekeeping, and was so conveniently at everybody's service, how fierce a passion was burning out beneath that comfortable exterior. For her dolls had been alive, and she had loved those bits of wood and wax with a love that was pain. And when the dolls were folded away, babies of fancy took their place; she felt their tiny groping hands on her face, and she was always soothing them to sleep in her empty arms. It was so day after day, for year after year. Where do they live, the children of childless women? In what heaven do they wait,—those real, real children, with their saucy, teasing, kissing lips, their little meddling feet,—to gladden with their welcome the mother hands withered with their caresses still unspent, the old eyes dim with the tears of tenderness unexpressed?

As the years went on, the woman's dreams of romance faded and the other dreams grew hopeless, but the mother tenderness remained. It was no motive of vanity or of self that made her withstand the disapproval of her family and friends when she married her young artist husband; it was a boyish pathos about his too-firm mouth that told her that he needed her. She made him wonderfully comfortable, this silent, kindly, utterly undemonstrative man. She met his patrons, answered his correspondence, learned the best way to clean his palette, even introduced an unobtrusive order into his studio. She loved him, and took care of him as he had never been cared for before,—and she understood him not at all.

Then at last, at last the little baby! For long, shaded sickroom weeks she had fought a superhuman fight with death, and had prayed as only a mother can pray. It was long before she believed it was really hers; it was only her dream-baby, and would be gone when she woke up, but slowly strength and the blessed certainty came to her. She thought it the lustiest baby ever born; in fact, it was only a frail, wee thing, crying weakly but persistently most of the time, and with eyes growing daily larger, grayer, more owlish.

Even now, after four years of possession, it sometimes seemed too wonderful to be true, even with a very real little girl sitting close by her mother's knee. Heart's Desire was sewing with the intensity with which she did everything, especially the things she did not like. Her sleeves were cut to show her sharp little elbows, and she wore the fashionable socks which

exhibited her thin little knees. She had a shock of straight black hair, gathered in two bunches at her temples and tied with red ribbons. She was always unbecomingly dressed, with her mother's affectionate attention to the style of the season, which was never at all the style of Heart's Desire. But her mother never knew that she was not a chubby, rosy mite. She was really a pale little girl, whose eyes looked out at you elf-like from beneath her heavy hair. There was something uncannily mature about her, so that few people ever caressed her, and those were women who divined the baby innocence and heart-hunger behind the great gray eyes that seemed to see and know too much.

The reason Heart's Desire kept her back to the sea view was that if she had looked around she could not possibly have continued Maid Marian's dress, and that child certainly ought to have a white dress by the middle of July. There was something about those shifting colors on the harbor water that held Heart's Desire in a spell, and brought strange lights into her eyes, and unwonted color to her cheeks. She was thinking of the beautiful sea-people who played so madly and so merrily far below. Her father had told her about them, her father, who gave her but one kiss a day and rarely took her upon his knee. She sat on the floor by his easel while he told her the tales that had made the earth a wonder-world for Heart's Desire; a modern Prospero, in a worn velveteen coat with dashes of paint on the left sleeve, playing at magic for the sake of a small Miranda, who gazed up at him, her lips parted, her hands continually tossing back the black hair from her eager little face. The mother, as she checked her busy steps to gaze at them thus,—the charm broke if she came nearer,—smiled her happiest smile, as she heard the silent man talking in rapid tones to the little girl, his little girl and hers. It was such full joy to care for them in numberless little ways,—she was a woman who loved the little things,—that she never knew how far away they were from her, those two.

Heart's Desire could have told you strange things if she had been so minded, and if it had not all been a secret between herself and her father. In the dead of night, her dolls became alive, and Maid Marian talked to Airy Fairy Lilian and the others—how silly to say they didn't just because you hadn't happened to hear them! In the hours between twelve and dawn, the fairies held wild dances through the nursery and the studio and the library, and then at daybreak went racing home across the lawns on their wee horses,—if you listened you could almost hear the tinkle of the elfin

trappings. If you ever could get up early enough, you might find, where the mother had left it when she went to the dance, a tiny baby fairy asleep in a rosebud just opening. How foolish to say there were no fairies just because you hadn't happened to see them! Nothing was quite what it seemed, Heart's Desire could have told you, and all these wonders were as true,—as true as the ceaseless boom of the breakers on the South Shore, or the revolving light of Pimino flashing out so strangely on the darkness if you watched.

There came an afternoon when Heart's Desire tired of the tame harbor-side and longed for the keen salt wind and the wild ocean of the South Shore. She usually had her way with her mother, so she was tucked into one of the Pellywaret democrats always waiting at the hotel steps, and the last good-bye hugs given, she and her nurse went trundling over the rut road three miles across the island to the South Shore. Once there they left the carriage on the bluff, and went running down through the deep sand to the beach. Heart's Desire had rendered her nurse docile long ago, and to-day she left her reading by a distant seine-reel, and Heart's Desire had the wind and the waves to herself. She loved to be alone. She was not a child for children. To be sure, when they came to see her, she extended her most cherished toys to them silently, unflinching in her courtesy; she played solemnly at games her visitors chose, and was visibly wearied but relieved when they went away. But it was very different all alone on the glistening beach, with the strong air in her face. Now for a romp with the sea! She was carefully dressed in crisp white—off with her shoes and stockings, her hat, her hair-ribbons! She looked only a white spot on the long deserted beach. Somewhere out at sea, far from placid Pellywaret, there had been a storm, and the billows came rolling and thundering in, to break in a wonder of rainbow surf on the beach. There is never a sail to be seen on that horizon, for the approach is guarded by treacherous shoals. There is no land, no land south anywhere; as far as you can think, there is only infinite sea. The wind full on her forehead, the roar of the breakers in her ears, and the dazzling sunshine on the dark-green water,—something untamed and madly joyous awoke in Heart's Desire! She could see quite plainly white arms and strange merry faces in the spray. Usually a quiet little girl, she laughed aloud in a ringing treble, and ran races with the ocean, letting the lip of the wave just touch her flying feet. Suddenly out from somewhere, nowhere, came a young lady, very pretty, hatless, all in white! "You

are Jean," she cried. "Let me play, too." They clasped hands, back and forth, back and forth they raced, with their hair flying, with red cheeks and glad eyes—they two, and the glorious playmate sea! Until at length they threw themselves exhausted on the sands, quite regardless of their fresh white dresses. Together they watched the great, crested waves roll and swell, rear themselves high and break in a long line of curling white, one after another, endlessly; and at length the beauty of it quieted them. They sat up, hands clasped about their knees. Heart's Desire was gazing intently at the spray. "Did you ever see the whole of a mermaid?" she asked. "I can only see their faces and their hands sometimes."

"No," said the young lady. "I never saw the tails. I think perhaps I'd rather see just the faces."

"I'd like to see all," said Heart's Desire. "Do you know what they do? They sing and call to the sailors—the lobster-pot men and the bluefish men, too, I think—to come down to the sea and live with them. And sometimes the men go and then nobody sees them again, but it's very pretty down under the sea."

Heart's Desire turned toward the face of her companion, and the beauty of the wind-blown gold hair, the inscrutable blue eyes, the fair girlish curves and coloring held her childish gaze. A strange supposition was dawning in her head. She crept close to the young lady, put her arm around her neck, and looking into her face she asked, "Are you quite sure you're not a mermaid?"

At first there was only laughter in the girl's eyes, and then swiftly a shadow passed over her face as she gazed steadily forward, questioning the mystery of the sea. "No, I am not quite sure," she said, very low, and then quickly, looking into the little one's face, she added, "No, no, I am not a mermaid." A pause, and then, in a changed tone, "Jean, your mouth is like your father's!" and suddenly she gathered the child into her lap, and kissed her as Heart's Desire had never been kissed in her life. It was very rude of the young lady. Heart's Desire struggled firmly from the embrace, and sat up very straight on the young lady's knee. "I think I shall have to go back pretty soon," she cried. "Marmie will be looking for me." No more mermaids for that young lady, if she didn't take care. But she was really very courteous when she didn't forget, and now she didn't attempt to touch the dignified mite on her knee. Something about her face made Heart's Desire relent a little. She asked, still rather stiffly:

"Doesn't your marmie worry about you when you are out long?"

"I have no marmie," answered the young lady. The sun-burned little arms were around her neck in an instant. "That is too bad," said the little girl, "but perhaps it doesn't make so much difference, because you are grown up."

"It makes more difference," said the young lady. Her lips touched the little black head. There was a look on her face that had never been there before. Why should one speak to a child the thoughts one would speak to no one, would hardly speak to one's own soul?

"Being grown up is not like what you think," said the girl dreamily. "In the first place, you do not grow up slowly, but all at once. You go on playing and playing, and then suddenly one morning you wake up and find that you are grown up, and mustn't play any more. And you don't like it. *I* don't like it. I wonder if anybody likes it. I wonder if your father likes it."

"I don't know," said Heart's Desire, "but I'm quite sure marmie likes it, but perhaps that's because she has my father and me."

The girl was very young, but there came a sudden whiteness over her half-childish lips, making her look in an instant years older. "Yes," she said, very low, and with long pauses between the words, "If she has you—and your father—I should not think—that she would mind—being grown up."

The young lady's embrace grew less close. She was looking at those mad waves. "I wonder," she said, "what would happen if we kept on playing, no matter what came of it. Playing is so happy—I wonder if I really have to stop."

Just then they heard a faint hallooing from the bluff. People up there in a carriage were shouting, "Alice, Alice!" At that moment Heart's Desire's nurse woke up from her book and began calling her.

"The nurses are calling us," said the young lady, as she stood up, shaking the sand from her skirt and tightening her hairpins. "Our play is over. Let me toss you up just once,—there! now just one kiss. Good-bye, sea, and good-bye, Jean."

That evening Heart's Desire's thoughts were full of her companion of the afternoon. As they sat watching the moonlight just beginning to grow silvery on the water, she told her father about her. He rose to his feet. "Come," he said, "let us go and find her." He took the child by the hand,

and they walked down their street, and then across, past the post-office, to another gaily-lighted hotel. They entered the crowded hall and looked all about, but found no young lady; then out on the verandas, and up and down, searching everywhere, but still they did not find her. At last a tall man, leaning over the railing, took his cigar from his lips, and turning half-about, asked, "Looking for somebody? Did you know that the Ronalds' yacht sails to-night?"

"Indeed? Thank you," answered the father indifferently, as they walked slowly back through the hall, and out. Then, however, he lifted Heart's Desire in his arms, and with swift, swinging steps passed down the crooked Pellywaret streets, and then along the waterside to the wharf. A crowd of boats with masts shrouded were fastened there in the still water. The man walked to the end of the wharf, and looked off to the yacht still at anchor in the distance. A single rowboat was making toward it. You could hear the mellow plash of the oars distinctly. Heart's Desire wondered how her father knew who was in that boat, for he uttered a ringing call, and the boat, after a moment, put about, and slowly approached them. There were other people in it,—and the young lady. The boat came close, some sailors deftly helped her to climb up, and there she stood at last alone beside Heart's Desire and her father. "Come back in five minutes," she said to the sailors. She wore a dark cloak over her white dress, with a hood that fell back from her hair. Her throat was bare, the moonlight was white upon her face—was she a mermaid? which of the three could tell? They exchanged no greetings, only the young lady held out her arms and said,

"Give her to me," and she clasped Heart's Desire close to her. When she spoke, it was to the child, "I am sorry that we cannot play any more, Jean; but the playtime is over."

"Was it playtime, Alice?" asked the man.

The girl's head was bent over the child's, but she raised her eyes to his, "No," she said softly. Silence, save for the soft lapping of the waves against the piles, and the louder dipping of the oars returning.

"Take her now," said Alice, placing the child again in her father's arms. Then rising on tip-toe, she pressed her lips to the little one's cheek, whispering, "I give your little girl back to you," and fainter still, "and you to your little girl." As the boat pushed off, she called back to them, "Good-bye—good-bye, Jean."

For a long time they stayed there, until the yacht at last spread its silver sails and glided slowly at first, and then more and more swiftly out of their sight; while the moonlight flooded all the world around them, all the little quaint sea town, with its ruddy lights, and all the silent harbor.

Slowly the beautiful Pellywaret summer passed on, one mellow day after another. Heart's Desire was very happy, for she was constantly with her father. Pellywaret is the one place where you can be and do altogether what you wish. Even fame can do as it pleases at Pellywaret, and Heart's Desire's father slung his sketching traps over his shoulder, grasped his white umbrella, and was off and away with his little girl over the moors; and nobody looked or cared. The air was like wine on their lips, so that they could wander tirelessly over the level heath, though nowhere out of sight of the clock tower of the old North church, or the gray arms of the windmill. The mother never went with them. She was short-breathed and quickly tired that summer, while their steps were unwearied. She sat cosily in her corner of the piazza, with her knitting or her sewing, and her happy thoughts were with them all the day, and always she met them returning, with the beating heart of a woman who treads softly, not to break her bliss.

A faint pink was coming into Heart's Desire's cheeks in the long outdoor days, while her father sketched the little low-lying town, with its raw-colored weatherboards softened and silvered by the sea breezes; with its low-railed lookouts on the roofs, where the women, waiting, used to look seaward for the returning whalers; with its bright-blue rim of harbor water; while this picture grew, what gladness to wander about among the scrub pines, quite a sufficient and stately forest for Heart's Desire; to loll upon cushions of springy mealy-plum, to breathe luxuriously the piney aroma, and then perhaps to fall asleep, bathed in sunshine, in all the full physical life of a little wild animal. As they wandered, two free-footed vagabonds, over the brown moors, swept by the strong,balmy breezes, the man sometimes talked to the little one in parables.

When they rested by the sandy, rose-hedged lanes, he showed her how much more beautiful than the luxuriant roses of June was the rare wild-rose of August, with its dawn-colored petals shining against the dusty, dark-green leaves. Once he painted Heart's Desire's intense little face against a background of rose-vines, with a single rose showing above her head. He gave the picture to the mother, and as he saw how utterly she

failed to understand, and yet with what brimming tears she took and treasured it, he felt a wondering envy of the woman because her soul was satisfied.

Sometimes toward the close of the day, the father lifted Heart's Desire to his shoulder, and they went out upon the jetty. He walked with light firm steps over the jutting stones, a mile out to the very end. The bathers of the morning were gone; all the jetty belonged to those two in the windy, sun-flooded afternoon. The gray gulls of Pellywaret circled about their heads. Her father told Heart's Desire a story about the gulls. They had once been little boys, naughty little boys, who ran away to sea. They had waked at night, and sat up in bed to hear the strong sea winds calling to them; they had dreamed of the salt spray on their lips, of a tiny ship rocking on a wide unknown ocean, and of limitless sky with great gray clouds rolling. The sea had called to them, and so they had slipped away. But the lonely mothers had cried till their eyes were dim, and so the fairies that punish had changed the runaways into gulls. They were naughty boys, but oh, the gulls are free, free, on tireless wing!

The wonderful island summer wore on. Down by the quaint buglights, Heart's Desire found the first purple globe of blazing-star. In the salt marshes the cranberries were beginning to gleam red amid the green. And finally, the glory of Pellywaret, came the golden-rod. It laid its Midas touch over all the brown sandy island, in infinite profusion and variety. There was the coarse beach golden-rod, flaming yellow right out of the gray sand. There was the fine fairy-like kind, only a few inches high, covering all the dun moorlands. And then on the road to Nesboscot, where they drove one afternoon, there was the most beautiful of all, feathery gold plumes higher than Heart's Desire's head. They lifted her out of the carriage with both arms full, so that the little flushed face looked forth small and elfin out of the wide gold frame.

Whence does it come, that subtle prophecy of other things in the mellow richness of September? While the grass is still vivid, the flowers varicolored, the skies still with a warm haziness along the horizon, to what quality of coloring or atmosphere can we assign that indefinable suggestion of autumn? Yet September is the most beautiful of all the months in Pellywaret. Those were wonderful, golden, wind-blown days for Heart's Desire, days always ending in a tender eveningtime, when the little wild gipsy thing was folded so cosily to her mother's heart, while the mother crooned those old drowsy jingles, and her thoughts made a magnificat of Mother Goose.

With what terrible sadness it all ended! They snatched Heart's Desire up from her warm sleep one midnight, wrapped her hastily in the blue down comfortable and carried her into her mother's room. Her gray eyes seemed black, brought in suddenly out of the dark as she had been. She looked pitifully babyish in her little nightgown. They set her down in the middle of the big bed, beside her mother, who was dying. The one lamp made the shadows black and eerie. Heart's Desire could not see the doctor's face at all as he sat with his hand on her mother's wrist. Her father was standing at the foot of the bed, his eyes on the doctor, and her nurse was moving softly about, not seeming to know that the tears were streaming down her cheeks. The woman there upon the bed lay quite still, except that she gasped now and then with that stifling pain at her heart. Her gray hair was disheveled, her bared throat showed shrunken and dark against the white of her nightdress. She looked cruelly old. She did not speak. Long sickness may soften the face of death, and deaden our human longings for the dear earth-things, but it is not so when the terror strikes suddenly, undreamed-of; when out of the familiar sunshine, the comfortable creak-creak of one's rocking-chair, the dear homeliness of little stockings to be darned, all the blessed security of the commonplace, —one is called away in one shuddering moment! To leave her baby, her only child, a girl! What words could she have said in her more than human yearning? She only put out her arm and drew the little one's face to her own. The doctor took away his hand. Some tension in the air seemed suddenly slackened, but the agony did not fade from the woman's wide-open eyes. The father moved, and with a beautiful tenderness unclasped the mother's arm, and laid it straight, with a touch of reverent love. Then he lifted Heart's Desire in his arms and walked from the room. He nearly tripped on the blue comfortable that enveloped her but Heart's Desire put out a thin little hand and gathered it clear of his feet. He carried her back to her room and stood by the window holding her close. "What does it mean, father?" whispered Heart's Desire, shivering. He answered her honestly, as he always spoke to her. "I do not know." Silently they looked on the starlit harbor, with its semi-circle of lights, to their left the pale flush of an unseen beacon. Distant, clear, exquisitely lonely, they heard the chime of the bell-buoy. They did not speak to each other, for the sea spoke to them.

It was the sunny noon of the next day, and people were crowding to the boat. Heart's Desire was there on the landing, holding fast to the hand

of the lady who had offered to care for her for a few days. Already a wiser touch had softened the arrangement of the unyielding hair about her forehead, and covered up her little thin knees. Heart's Desire was waiting to bid her father good-bye. She watched him in the distance busied with his checks. He came back as the warning bell was ringing, only to take her hand gravely and to say only, "good-bye." He was one of the rare knights that would save women from the monster passions waiting to rend them. No kiss—he had saved this little woman-child a terrible unheaval of passionate tears. From that day, Heart's Desire knew that crying is one of the things you mustn't.

Like some uncouth water-monster, the great boat plied its way up the harbor, and out to the open, while the tiny girl gazed after it in wide-eyed puzzlement. But the dead mother whom it carried out to the free sea, what solace did the unknown hold for her wistfulness, for leaving warm childish lips and hands and laughter, what comfort in all that mystery of sunlit sea for the brevity of joy in those few late years in which she had possessed her Heart's Desire?

Winifred M. Kirkland.

SUN AND MOON

The sun is as the heart, life's source, love's seat,
  Whose ardent rays undeeming, eager, fall;
  Uncounted is his gift, for he gives all,
And to him all things look for light and heat.

The moon's cold eye is conscience, white and still,
  In dark profundities resplendent clear;
  Her look is judgment, fearless and austere,
And all the tides of thought obey her will

Content Shepard Nichols, '99.

STEPHEN PHILLIPS.

Two years ago Mr. Stephen Phillips published a small volume of poems which were rather noticeably good; one or two were spoken of very favorably, but Mr. Phillips remained, nevertheless, a comparatively unknown man, for the poems by no means created a sensation. Now, within a few months, he has published *Paolo and Francesca,* a tragedy which is attracting the public notice more than any other poem of the day. *The Century, Forum* and *Literary Magazine* contain short new poems by him, and criticisms of his poetry. We hear also that he has undertaken to write a play for Mr. Richard Mansfield. On the whole, it looks very much as though Mr. Stephen Phillips were on the high-road to fame.

One, of course, now turns back to the earlier poems to see what in them warrants his later poetical achievement. We can see that the salient points are the same; but yet we do feel there has been a remarkable maturing for two years.

In the early poems one finds him, as is only natural, under the influence of other poets. The Pre-Raphaelite schools have evidently had their day with him. There is a sensuous cast to the poetry, a certain part of which he must owe to Rossetti. Take for instance this passage:

> "Now it is the time of tender opening things
> Above my head the fields murmur and wave
> And breezes are just moving the clear heat.
> O the mid-noon is trembling on the corn,
> On cattle calm, and trees in perfect sleep.
> And hast thou empty come? Hast thou not brought
> Even a blossom with the noise of rain
> And smell of earth about it, that we all
> Might gather round and whisper over it?"

But beside the tincture of Rossetti there is a phase of sensuous appeal which is Mr. Phillips' own. One hardly knows what name to give to this appeal, perhaps, feeling for the atmosphere. Sweet memorable odors are brought to him in the silence of the evening, and he has a sense of a mysterious presence in the dark. The night "is greenly silent and cool-growing,"

and he can discern "some waft of fields in midnight sweet, or soul of summer dawn in the dark street."

The Pre-Raphaelites appear again in the characteristic and striking coupling together of words which we find expressive and pleasing, but which often degenerate into eccentricity and become forced. This is one sentence:

> "And the great stars consented and withdrew
> And music and the morn, greenness and dew."

One must believe that it is his imagination as well as his masters, the Pre-Raphaelites, that leads him to these rather startling phrases.

One is borne out in this opinion by his choice of subject-matter which could only be the choice of a man who is imaginative. He wrote *The Wife,* realistic and much on the order of Rossetti's *Jenny.* It is an unnecessary and very displeasing conception. Widely different from this, but requiring also an author with original thoughts comes *Christ in Hades,* which is perhaps the most noteworthy of the early poems. Christ goes down into Hades, Proserpine stands abashed before him; Ixion, Promethus both wander from their labors, crowds of old-time ghosts flock round him. The subject seems utterly incongruous and impossible, but one finds little difficulty in putting aside the seeming absurdity , and one admires the imaginative powers which it shows and the exquisite turns of fancy of which it is full. The vivid, if unusual, imagination makes him picture to us wonderfully in *Marpessa,* Apollo, the god, and Idas, the man, wooing the maiden Marpessa. One is taken back, even as Keats would take us back, to the days when the gods were human in their longings, divine in their beauty. Mr. Phillips' imagination leads him everywhere.

In these early poems we can see that his choice is to depict the passions, and we feel that here is his strong point. The most gruesome poem in the collection treats of a woman with a dead soul, with all the passions numbed or dead. This description gives one a hint of how precious a part of life earthly passions seemed to him. *Marpessa* is made to choose the mortal man because she may then feel sorrow, human love and joy. Mr. Phillips shows a longing for life in all its phases. From the new *De Profundis* he calls:

> "O would there were a heaven to hear!
> O would there were a hell to fear!
> Ah, welcome fire, eternal fire,
> To burn forever and not tire!

Better Ixion's whirling wheel
And still at any cost to feel.
Dear Son of God in mercy give
My soul to flame, but let me live!"

The stress he lays on intensity of feeling and the pleasure he takes in its depicting doubtless led him to produce *Paolo and Francesca.* The thread of the drama is wonderfully passionate. A young and innocent girl is wedded to a stern, hardened old warrior. His brother Paolo and the youthful wife are irresistibly drawn to each other. They are discovered and killed by the husband. The four main characters are each one intense in their emotions; Giovanni is actuated by jealousy and bitter justice, Paolo and Francesca by an all-consuming love. Lucrezia is a childless woman embittered by her longing for a child, and finds in Francesca solace for her desire.

Lucrezia is an almost new type in poetry and is wonderfully worked out. Deep feeling bursts out from the self-repressed woman and finds expression in these words:

"At last the long ice melts and O relief
Of rain that rushes from me! Child, my child!
I clasp you close, close—do you fear me still?
Have you not heard love is more fierce than hate?
Roughly I grasp what I have hunted long.
You cannot know—how should you?—that you are
More, so much more, to me than just a child."

The development of Francesca is powerful and finished. She is brought to the castle a maid "all dewy from the convent" who "views the windy world as through a glass." She is thrown with Paolo and begins to wonder

"How sorrow first doth come? Is there a step
"A light step, or a dreamy drip of oars?
"Is there a stirring of leaves, or ruffle of wings?
"For it seems to me that softly, without hand,
"Surely she touches me."

In the end she has become a passionate woman who realizes her crime, beseeches Paolo to kill her, after their first inevitable yielding to their pas-

sion. It is a remarkable delineation of strong emotion, as well as a delicate analysis of the character of the woman.

Equally strong do we have the maddened jealousy of Giovanni. When he has killed Francesca, and is torn asunder by the horror of the discovery of the guilty love and by his own love for the wife he murdered, he exclaims:

> "And now their love that was so secret close
> Shall be proclaimed. Tullio, Carlo, Biagi!—
> They shall be married before all men. Nita!
> Rouse up the house and bring in lights, lights, lights!
> There shall be music, feasting, and dancing.
> Wine shall be drunk. Candles, I say! More lights!
> More marriage lights! Where tarry they the while,
> The nuptial tapers? Rouse up all the house!"

Let it be well understood that Mr. Phillips' passionate passages are marked, especially in the later book, by purity of tone and loftiness; he may perhaps lend himself to sensuous descriptions, but never to sensual ones. One is afraid when one reads a few of the early poems that Mr. Phillips may become a little too realistic, but one is most happily disappointed to find in *Paolo and Francesca* a very noticeable freedom from anything disagreeable, and even the atmosphere is seldom too close.

The portrayal of passion gains greatly by a certain later lucid clearness and simplicity. The plot of *Paolo and Francesca* is perfectly plain, from the beginning one is sure of the denouement because of a fateful atmosphere which makes itself felt. The atmosphere points inevitably to the guilty love, and the straightforward character of the plot gives a much freer scope to the author for his great powers of passion drawing.

Again, Mr. Phillips strengthens his matter over and above the early poems by a charming lucidity of diction. The simplest words are used, but never with a descent to the commonplace. The figures that were rather too extraordinary in the earlier book are not found in the later, but the genius that could fancy and write them is bound in phrases that do not offend one's sense of the fitness, and that give flavor to the speech. Mr. Phillips gives no trouble with obscurity, and charms by a well-curbed individuality of expression.

It must give one great pleasure to find, at the end of this nineteenth century, a poet with strong feeling and emotion, and with a masterly

capacity for expressing himself in words and phrases that are beautifully clear. One feels that one may indeed hail with joy a poet with real genius, and yet a poet who keeps himself well in hand and does not express his feeling in passages that are telling at first, but that frequently become merely tedious mannerisms. Surely Mr. Phillips has always had the life and fervor to keep himself from the commonplace, and to retain his charm, and he has gained the maturer control which gives his later poem its proportion and pure diction.

Katharine Lord, 1901.

JOHN DAVIDSON.

Not more than ten or twelve years ago it was the fashion to disparage contemporary literature. Critics spoke despondently of the diffused and weak literary ending of the century, for in place of the men who made its earlier years notable indeed, they found only swarms of poetasters consumed with a fatal *cacoethes scribendi.* There has been, however, and with just cause, a radical change in the critical attitude. There are to-day a number of English writers whom the most conservative critics, as well as the reading public, have found well worthy of careful consideration, and Mr. John Davidson is one of the most promising members of this group.

In these days when specialization has extended even into literature, it is refreshing to find a man with talents so varied as those of Mr. Davidson. Romantic plays, Victorian eclogues, tragic ballads, lyrics, and fantastic novels have come from a pen as clever as it is versatile. The *Fleet Street Eclogues* and the *Ballads* are undoubtedly the author's most finished productions, but there is much that is significant in his earlier work.

The love of romance, one of Mr. Davidson's chief characteristics, is perhaps most striking in the *Plays.* *An Unhistorical Pastoral* is suggestive in a study of the author's taste and style; in spite of some conventionality in phrasing and device, there is much evidence of inventive genius, and the romantic spirit pervades the piece. Mr. Davidson does not give the impression of a man out of harmony with his time and environment, but of one who, for the sake of his art, turns eagerly from the present to the past that is so much richer in achievement and inspiration. He is always ready to bring back the Golden Age with its glamour and strange fascination. One feels sure that it is the author himself who is pleading when Rupert says:

"We bid you be as merry as you may.
Let study, commerce, labor, for a time—
In truth, three woes—be counted sins in act;
* * * * * *
Happy your faces with continuous smiles,
And spend mirth's overflow in jest and song;
Forsake stone walls; re-live the golden age
Among the trees in sweetness and moonlight."

The spirit of May-day breathes through the play; the bashful May-queen, the foolish Torello, and the rustics are delightfully sketched. The out-of-door atmosphere, the pranks of Scipio and Puck, the troop of fairies are indeed strongly suggestive of *A Midsummer Night's Dream,* but one is tempted to overlook some unoriginality, and be grateful to Mr. Davidson for so much lyric beauty, and for bringing the fairies back to earth.

Mr. Davidson is a wit as well as a poet. *A Romantic Farce* is full of delightful absurdities and fantastic humor. Here, too, the author's romantic temper is shown in his dislike of fashion, propriety, and convention, in an inclination to deviate sometimes

> "from the path
> Beaten by ages, dusty with the trade
> Of thronging use and wont."

And one of the courtiers at the masked ball challenges the company:

> "So, shall we dare the world? Who says with me,
> To wear this fancy dress to-morrow too
> In the sun's kindly, and the world's ill, eye?"

There is much lyric charm and beauty of description in this play, as well as in *An Unhistorical Pastoral. Scaramouch in Naxos* is equally beautiful in form and even more audacious in spirit. Imagination and fantasy run riot; the dividing line between the real and the unreal is almost imperceptible. Scaramouch, a daring showman, with his attendants Harlequin and Columbine, goes to Naxos to carry off Bacchus for his exhibition; there he meets a motley crew of gods and would-be gods,—the tipsy Silenus who impersonates Bacchus; Glaucus, a foolish old man who easily fancies himself an immortal, and his daughter Ione, who makes an acceptable substitute for Ariadne. The improbability of the incidents, the confusion of gods and mortals, and the rollicking Satyrs and Bacchantes add to the effect of unreality. There are some good Bacchanalian songs, and the play abounds in vivid descriptions such as the following:

> "These are the satyrs playing pandean pipes,
> These rippling flames of sound: the muffled notes
> Are tabors. How the music dwindles! Hark!
> From some far isle it seems to reach our ears,
> To reach our ears and faint: the tide-mark there
> Is out of hearing. I should say they pass
> A knoll that lies between us, or the road
> Winds backward, and the forest is more dense."

In *Smith: A Tragic Farce,* there is the same wildness and unreality, but a more significant characteristic is its note of modern world-weariness. An element of discontent, of unrest, of city pessimism runs through the play and leads to the tragic ending. Notwithstanding his attitude towards the past, Mr. Davidson has a distinctly modern mind. The present is not merely prosaic; it is full of affectation, hypocrisy, and discouragement. Hallowes, discontented with himself and the world, is the very embodiment of despair. Smith is a pessimist, too, but life is more endurable to him because he is an idealist as well. These two journalists, disgusted with city life and anxious to get away from London, plan to take a holiday. Hallowes suggests Garth, as a quiet retreat in the North:

> "No rail, no coach, no tourist passes there:
> * * * * * *
> Far up the mountain children's voices ring;
> The quoiters cry; and past the ivied inn
> A chastened brook tells all its pebbled beads;
> Between the bourtrie-bushes and the thorns
> The commonest bird that sings is wonderful,
> So empty are the spaces of the air
> From any breath of modern weariness."

Hallowes is delighted at the prospect of the visit; he plans to work and win fame at any cost, and dreams of future achievement and glory. So Smith and Hallowes go to Garth, and Smith, the idealist, finds "heroic happiness" in love, but for Hallowes' pessimism there is no relief. His dramas, essays, poems, and reviews are all returned by the publishers. Fame seems no longer worth its cost, and so, maddened by failure, feeling that he has been made the sport of circumstance, Hallowes climbs to the top of Mount Merlin, where, for a brief moment, life once more seems fair, but his mental sickness has gone too far, and he prefers death to the meagre opportunities offered by the world to a poetaster.

The undertone of discontent in *Smith* and in *Godfrida,* a later play, sounds like an echo from Ibsen's dramas. Mr. Davidson has not Ibsen's gigantic scorn for the half-heartedness and pusillanimity of the whole human race, but he believes with Ibsen that dissatisfaction is the inevitable forerunner of progressive development. These lines are the keynote to *Godfrida:*

"* * * no felicity
Can spring in men, except from barbed roots
Of discontent and envy, deeply struck
In some sore heart that hoped to have the flower."

Apart from the motif and vital energy of the play, the resemblances between *Godfrida* and such a drama as *Brand* or *Peer Gynt* are slight. Ibsen is a creator of ideas and a master of the social sciences; he is a man who has done his thinking. The problems of modern life perplex Mr. Davidson too, but he has not yet solved them, and he turns resolutely from philosophy to poetry. He accepts life as good at its best and has no other purpose in writing than to give delight. There is no problem in *Godfrida* as there is in *Brand,* and there is much less bitterness. It is enough for Mr. Davidson that characters such as Siward and Godfrida, the mentally healthy, exist, and they become all the more attractive when placed side by side with the brain-sick Isembert, Cyprian, Ermengarde. There are no figures in *Godfrida* comparable to Ibsen's great heroes, but there is much nobility about Siward, who is so dauntless in war and so passionate in his love for Godfrida A plot is formed to deliver up Ermengarde and Provençe to Esplandian and to separate Siward and Godfrida, but the selfish ends of the conspirators defeat themselves and poetic justice triumphs. If there is less moral and philosophical significance in Mr. Davidson's work than in Ibsen's, there is also much less obscurity and harshness of style. There are no unreal figures in *Godfrida,* such as the Tempter and Death, nor is Godfrida a mere conventionality like Agnes or Ingrid. Godfrida is spirited and very human and altogether worthy to be chosen by the brave Norseman. When Siward speaks of dangers to be encountered, Godfrida answers:

"Peril is wine;
I know its exaltation."

Mr. Davidson's non-dramatic poems have been even more successful than his plays. The *Fleet Street Eclogues* represent his most mature work. They are quite original in conception, and show more condensation of thought and expression than the dramas. It was surely a daring experiment to make an eclogue out of journalists' conversation in Fleet Street or the Strand, but Mr. Davidson has done this with his characteristic skill and fearlessness. Strange as it may seem, these pastoral poems, with their note of city pessimism, do not appear to be affectatious, but rather a genu-

ine solace, because of their very suggestiveness of country delights. If modern town life is too ugly for poetry, country life seems all the lovelier by contrast. The Eclogues are indeed quite as full of the beauties of nature and love of the country as are Mr. Gale's *Orchard Songs* and *A Country Muse*. The gloomiest pessimist, Mr. Davidson thinks, may be restored by the unfailing optimism of nature:

> "* * *; the changing moods,
> The loyal constancy and testament
> Of Nature—her asides, her hints, and smiles,
> Her clear ideas of repose and toil,
> Her covenant and noble ministry
> Of light and darkness, and of life and death,
> Are the true salve for your distempered mind."

In *Midsummer Day,* Basil bids Herbert sing of the country:

> "Go on: of rustic visions tell
> Till I forget the wilderness
> Of sooty brick, the dusty smell,
> The jangle of the printing-press."

And Herbert proceeds until Basil responds to his mood:

> "You have pronounced the magic sign!
> The city with its thousand years,
> Like some embodied mood of mine
> Uncouth, prodigious, disappears."

Sandy, Menzies, and Brian are genuine pessimists; Menzies especially is morbidly sensitive to the ugliness of city life and the dreary monotony and shallowness of his trade. Basil and Percy, on the other hand, are much more genial and practical, and seem to express Mr. Davidson's own philosophy of life. If this philosophy, as expressed in his verse, is not profound, it is at least cheerful and manly. The Eclogues are instinct with a brave spirit willing to make the best of life and an unswerving belief that each man has within himself the power to conquer fate:

> "You are your birthright; let it serve you well:
> Be your own star, for strength is from within,
> And one against the world will always win!"

Mr. Davidson is not always irreproachable in minor points of technique. There are flaws even in the Eclogues,—occasional platitudes, a strained epithet, a faulty line, but these do not, however, detract from the general interest and charm. Mr. Davidson is less of an artisan than Mr. Watson, but if the latter is superior in points of finish and repose, Mr. Davidson's verse has more fire and irony, more rugged strength, and a certain careless charm that defies analysis. There is so much that is decidedly enjoyable in the Eclogues that one easily overlooks the occasional blemishes. These poems are full of magic landscapes, such as the one described by Basil in *All Hallow's Eve:*

"And I know, in a living land of spells—
In an excellent land of rest,
Where a crimson fount of sunset wells
Out of the darkling west—

That the poplar, the willow, the scented lime,
Full-leaved in the shining air
Tarry as if the enchanter time
Had fixed them deathless there."

Many of the *Ballads* and *Songs* are quite as effective as the *Fleet Street Eclogues;* there is less chaos, more order and harmony, and more restraint of style in these poems than in much of Mr. Davidson's previous work. In the tragic ballads the form is very nearly perfect and the emotional quality of the verse is wonderfully well sustained. Deftness in handling phrases, cunning in constructing lines, and facility in marshalling images are combined with an intensity of tone that is extremely impressive. Indeed, the strong, manly personality of the author is felt in everything he has written. *A Ballad of an Artist's Wife, A Ballad of Heaven* and *A Ballad of Hell* show more than ordinary ability, while many of the shorter poems such as *Sunset,* the *Spring Song,* and *A Highway Pimpernel* have the melody and swing natural to the balladist. *A Woman and Her Son,* notwithstanding its unpleasant situation, is well-wrought throughout. The son, hard, cold, and uncompromising, believing neither in God nor heaven, and the dying mother clinging to the shreds of her early faith are again suggestive of Brand who refuses his mother the sacrament because she has been hypocritical and inconsistent in her religion. *A Ballad in Blank Verse*

of the Making of a Poet is another protest against unreasoning faith and narrow sectarianism. These lines are characteristic of the spirit of poem:

"Some thoughts imprison us; we set about
To bring the world within the woven spell:
Our ruthless creeds that bathe the earth in blood
Are moods by alchemy made dogmas of—
The petrifaction of a metaphor.
No creed for me! I am a man apart:
A mouthpiece for the creeds of all the world."

Mr. Davidson still allows his fancy to roam in the past, as *The Last Ballad* and *A New Ballad of Tannhäuser* testify. Echoes of the Golden Age ring enchantingly through the ballads and shorter lyrics; the Poet sings this Age and it is the Workman's ambition to

"* * give to men
The Seed of Life, the Seed of Gold;
Restore the Golden Age again
At once, and let no soul grow old."

Besides his poems, Mr. Davidson has written several works in prose. *Perfervid, Baptist Lake,* and *Earl Lavender* are fantastic novels whose humor and improbability are alike enjoyable if one is only in a fairy tale mood while reading them. *A Random Itinerary* is, however, the prose work by which Mr. Davidson is best known. The descriptions, reflections, and incidents are all given in a quaint conversational tone that lends a peculiar charm to the book, while the occasional dialogue with an Imaginary Disputant relieves the monotony of the narrative. A single trip through London and its suburbs, sufficiently commonplace to the ordinary traveler, fairly sparkles with agreeable variety, and furnishes a series of delightful reflections to Mr. Davidson's Itinerant. Whether he wanders through Epping Forest, in the City Parks and Squares, or among the Chilterns, everything is of interest; the people he meets, the sights and sounds of nature, the rain, the clouds, the birds, the trees are observed with great care and described with the fantastic delight of a poet. A lark has its interesting moods and an amusing medium of expression; a sparrow, a pigeon, a bee, even a Highland beetle have many ways of looking at life and proclaiming their interest and delight. The Itinerant is not only a lover of nature

and a keen observer of her moods and phenomena; he is a human being who breathes the fresh air with hearty enjoyment. He reflects charmingly over his lunch and pint of bitter beer:

"The itinerant thought what an admirable institution eating and drinking is, and slipped his books back into his satchel. He meditated on the noble part eating and drinking plays in literature. Dickens is full of it; unromantic guzzling, and bourgeois stuffing and gormandizing, always in the highest of spirits. Scott has delightful feeding; the breakfast at Tillietudlem, and the midnight supper of the Black Knight and the Holy Friar of Copmanhurst; and Shakespeare's feasts and banquets from 'The Merry Wives of Windsor' to 'Macbeth' and 'The Tempest'; Sancho Panza's many meals made on the homeliest fare, or on the rich scumming of the pot at Camacho's marriage; and the heroic entertainments of Pantagruel."

The whole volume is written from the point of view of an impressionist rather than a critic or a philosopher; it is full of quaint humor and is very happy in its treatment of nature. The style is smooth, but not too studied; there are many apt comparisons, and here and there a chance phrase or a word, so novel and yet so appropriate that one marvels at never having seen it so used before.

There is much present-day literature that is in its very nature ephemeral, and yet it is often strangely fascinating; but it seems safe to assume that Mr. Davidson's writings do not belong to this class. Just what measure of post-mortem praise Mr. Davidson may win it is difficult to say, but his strong personality and the quality of his verse have already given him considerable distinction. If he is not quite national, he is certainly more than metropolitan, and happily a poet may be of a high order without filling the measure of national significance. Mr. Davidson is nimble-witted and many-handed; he has a certain native readiness of mind that brings him into close touch with the tendencies of the times; there is a rare freshness and the charm of independence about all that he writes. Mr. Davidson's constant aim is to give delight, and this he very seldom fails to do. He has written much that is unusual as well as beautiful; he is forceful, individual, and always interesting.

Corinne Sickel, 1901.

AUNT DEBORAH'S ROMANCE.

Gossips thought, and what is more they said, that Deborah Brown never would marry again, but would keep on living in her little green-shuttered cottage, making uncomfortable-looking unbleached-muslin undergarments for the heathens to eternity. But that shows just how much they knew about the matter.

It was hard to think of anyone else in the cottage, which was a happy little straggler, quite a quarter of a mile down the turnpike from the rest of the village. The cottage in its tinyness looked for all the world like a lost child who had settled down there contentedly on the edge of the meadow and was smilingly amusing himself singing, and pulling daisies. The few Summer people in their smart run-abouts who accidentally strayed that way, seldom failed to admire the low stone building, smiling and blinking out at them over towering rows of hollyhocks and sunflowers, and neat shell-marked beds of marigolds, bachelor's buttons and Sweet William.

Its mistress too, busily snipping the leaves off her plants, rarely escaped their notice.

On one particular morning, Aunt Deborah was seated on the small front porch, with her comfortable looking tabby cat stretched lazily in the spot of sunlight at her feet. She was stoning raisins for her Sunday School picnic cake, and nodding pleasantly (as was her way), to all the passers-by, when Jesse Edwards loomed in sight. Thoughtfully whistling to himself and flipping the flies off old Jerry's back with the fringy stump of his whip, he came jogging down the pike in his muddy, red-wheeled buggy. As usual, fat old Jim, the setter, panted along, almost lost to view behind, with a quarter of a yard of tongue lolling out one corner of his thirsty mouth.

What was Aunt Deborah's surprise when Jesse Edwards pulled up in front of the cottage, and sprang out. Throwing the reins on Jerry's back and letting down the check so that the old horse might refresh himself along the way, he came and propped himself up against the fence with a cheerful, —"How d'ye. Trying to give all the boys in the parish a night mare, are

ye? Well, perhaps you haven't got time to ride up to the old Pennypack Meetin' House with me this afternoon. I've ben thinking' I'd like to go this long time and see how Marjory's grave's gettin' along, and thought perhaps you'd like to go along an' tend to Thomas'."

Further conversation was cut short by violent scratchings and wild squeaky barks on the part of Jim, the setter, who, having finally arrived, was fairly bursting in his animated efforts to get under the gate and devour Aunt Deborah's Tabby. She, poor thing, with her feet drawn up into one tight bunch and swelled with anger to three times her ordinary size, was spitting and yowling in a most pugnacious manner. Nevertheless, it was at length arranged that Jesse Edwards should call at two o'clock that afternoon.

Aunt Deborah never did have any patience with people who considered it stylish to be late; she thought it the height of impropriety. Therefore, promptly at a quarter before two, arrayed in her second-best black silk, she took her place stiffly on the front porch (the silk had been made over twice, and was shiny in spots, but still looked very well, quite well enough for a drive over dusty roads). She always felt stiff when dressed, even though it was only in her second-best, and in spite of the fact that she wore it to church every Sunday morning. Beside her was a basket of flowers, the choicest that her garden produced, carefully sprinkled and covered up with newspapers.

Jesse was not as prompt as he might have been. I suppose that was due to the extra frills. But he finally did appear in the distance, and it was indeed an imposing sight to see him coming down the pike in his new top-buggy. His long thin legs reaching V-shaped almost to the dasher, were clad in their Sunday trousers; his soft black hat was settled comfortably on the back of his head, and his horny hands fairly glistened from the vigorous application of soap and water. Jerry, too, looked spruced up and, inspired by best harness and blackened hoofs, held his head quite three inches higher than his usual horizontal position. Poor Jim the setter had been left at home.

It was a four and a-half miles drive over to the Pennypack Meeting House, and conversation rather flagged. For no wonder, they both had on their Sunday clothes. One can't loll back in one's second-best black silk, and somehow one's tongue never does work glibly when one sits bolt upright. They reached there at last, however, and after hitching Jerry to the fence,

made their way into the little old-fashioned graveyard—Aunt Deborah carrying her basket and Jesse Edwards his sickle and tight bullet-like bunch of flowers. The flowers were tied with brown twine, and their stems were hacked off as with one slash of a carving knife. Jesse had fondly gathered them himself that morning, and they looked it, too, for who but he could have devised that distressing mixture of purple larkspurs and Sweet Williams, with an occasional full-blown rose, gasping for breath and striving to get its head out from underneath an unsavory marigold.

The two people were soon busily at work on the east side of the graveyard, in the shade of the gloomy old Baptist Meeting House. Aunt Deborah was spreading out her flowers for selection on the top of a moss-grown stone table placed there, in the last century, "In Loving Memory—To my Father and my Mother." Jesse Edwards was down on his hands and knees, removing the brambles and dead grass from Thomas. Aunt Deborah had finished her work and drew back with pride to gaze at the mass of blue, yellow, white, pink and red blossoms at her feet. She could not but feel sorry for Marjory, and her one small bunch of flowers, stuffed, with half the stems sticking out, into a thick stone-ware cup; and for Jesse distrustfully surveying his work from a distance. So she robbed Thomas to the extent of a treasured spray of lemon verbena, and six or eight stalks of Sweet William.

That evening the whole village was in a flutter of excitement. Jesse Edwards, the inconsolable widower, who had moped on his farm up country for the last fifteen years, was taking notice. Fixed up fit to kill and in a new top-buggy he had driven Deborah Brown over to the old Pennypack Meeting House. Tillie Overpeck had seen them starting out (Tillie was tremendously popular at once). There was no telling what might happen now. The next day, at the Sunday School picnic, Aunt Deborah was besieged with questions, but she was most uncommunicative and nothing of interest could be learned.

For two weeks Jesse Edwards did not drive down the pike to the village. If he went at all he must have gone by a back way, for Aunt Deborah did not see him, and that is saying a good deal. No one knew why it was, unless perhaps, because he was making one last effort to be faithful to poor Marjory's memory. At the end of two weeks, however, he appeared again in front of the cottage and apologetically suggested a second visit to the old Meeting House. Again it was arranged to start at two o'clock, but this time Aunt Deborah decided to wear her best black silk. Dust never hurt silk any-

way; besides, what was the use of having a dress one never wore. She also took an extra basket of flowers for Marjory.

The thought of taking a drive purely for pleasure had never entered poor Jesse Edwards' head. So as Summer wore on these little visits to the old Meeting House graveyard grew more and more frequent. At first it was only every Sunday afternoon, but it gradually grew to be an almost daily occurrence.

But they came to an end at last. One afternoon towards the end of September, a good deal of unusual stir and bustle was noticed in the village street. The whole populace, magnificent in satins, laces and silk hats was swarming by families in a pompous, giggling, gossiping stream to church. And an hour or so later they were crowded together on the station platform. There, amid a craning of necks, and waving of pocket-handkerchiefs, Jesse Edwards, in a new silk hat and squeaky boots, and Aunt Deborah, all in gray, with a touch of scarlet in her bonnet, were disappearing into the impatient New York train.

The next day a home-made "For Rent" sign appeared on the little cottage down the pike.

Harriet Jean Crawford, 1902.

PAA VIDDERNE.

I.

The highland plains of Norway—so calm and still they lie,
Stretching out to the northward they are gleaming cold and white;
The crests of the wood-crowned mountains rise in the misty light
As if to meet some cloud drifts stealing softly by;
Field and fjord are silent under the midnight sky.
From the deep and sheltered valleys to the farthest mountain height
The earth is lying quiet in the peaceful calm of night;
Only a restless sea-gull is winging its way on high.

II.

The cry of the north wind rises, and brooding shadows fall
Over the upland regions; awakened from its sleep
The earth prepares for conflict with the stirred and angry deep.
Flashes of brilliant light illumine the sky and sea,
The crash of distant thunder echoes the mountains' call:
Away from the grass-grown valleys—the highlands alone are free!

III.

There in the heart of the mountains glowing with light and life,
There where the dark clouds gather into a threatening band,
The spirit of distant ages breathes over all the land.
Up in the cloud girt summits where struggle and storm are rife,
Far from the lowland quiet, the past renews its life.
Do you not hear the trampling of horses' hoofs on the strand?
Do you not see the Valkyr extend her beckoning hand,
Bidding some ancient warrior prepare for the final strife?

IV.

Like a hero going to battle with glittering shield and spear
The valiant servant of Odin travels the road to fame;
His gallant ship is trembling, but the Viking knows no fear;
See! far out on the fjord a speck of moving flame,—
The soul of the dying warrior is waiting the gods' command:
"The gates of Valhalla are open; enter the shining land."

C. S., 1901.

HINTS OF THE PROPER CRAFT.

"There is something in daubing a little one's self, and having an idea of the process."—MIDDLEMARCH.

> *"This is an art which doth mend nature,—change it rather, but*
> *The art itself is nature."*
>
> WINTER'S TALE: ACT IV, SCENE 5.

"The great misfortune of the present age is that one can't stand on one's feet without calling to mind that one is not standing on one's head," says the modern writer, lamenting the self-consciousness of these days. The reproaches that this is an "era of self-consciousness," a "period of egoistic self-revelation" assail us on all sides, mingled with explanations of the cause and suggestions as to the remedy. Yet, instead of being the peculiar possession of this degenerate time, consciousness of self has been the common heritage of the ages since sin and fashion came to distress mankind.

We have, however, become aware of our consciousness, and have elaborated it into something very different from the simple conviction of a little child whom I know well. He had wandered away from his nurse and was found stumbling along the road, crying very hard. Someone stopped to ask him if he were lost, and was startled to hear the small urchin angrily retort, "I have not lost myself, only my home and things." Expressive and dominant realization of self like his rarely lasts beyond extreme youth. With some, however, even nowadays, it lingers all through life, a matter of sacred belief, altogether free from theory or dogma. *Terque, Quaterque Beati!* are they: theirs is the genius of self-assertion. In their enviable security they need no scheme of life especially fitted to their conception of self; adaptation is not an achievement with them; rather a natural gift.

Most of us, however, conscious of our self-consciousness, would by separation and analysis destroy this self, whose existence depends on its integrity, and, then, persuaded that it is an evil, would try to rid ourselves of it. Indeed the latest Physician to Humanity by special self-appointment considers self-consciousness to be the source of all ills of body and mind. To

obtain health, one must annihilate mortal mind, an achievement universally possible, she thinks.

The more conservative, regarding this so-called evil as a picturesque if inadequate repairer of damages, may be reminded of the bit of nursery wisdom that makes clear the disadvantages of so many alluring hypotheses:

> "If 'ifs' and 'ands' were pots and pans,
> There'd be no need for tinkers' hands."

"Had Adam remained in Paradise, there had been no Metaphysics and no Anatomy," is Carlyle's version of it, and he, while thus acknowledging both the antiquity and the universality of self-consciousness, treats it as a symptom of disease not as the cause of unsoundness, or, rather as a groping after a remedy and therefore a subject for the investigation of Science.

The Science that has, till very recently, had its own way with self-consciousness is now being assailed as altogether inaccurate. Metaphysics, enlivened by imagination and speculation, is no longer valued as a Science, and is to be replaced by one that relies only on the facts of experience. The accurate transcription of these facts may tell as much of the common characteristics of all selves. Yet we would dwell on the peculiarities; for, in self-study, we care for the species only as it shows us the individual; we would discover ourselves.

While the search for self is not to be disparaged, the expression "find one's self" occurs with such frequency that it would seem that selves were found every day, or else often lost and easily re-discovered. The self is not always lost when its skirts have been shorn, even though it may not be recognized by its faithful dog. It is well not to be over-hasty with the cry, "Lawk a mercy, this is none of I." Nor is the self always found where the maps of our dreams showed it. Because of an error in his chart, Columbus died without knowing that he had found a new untried world, and not the rich land he sought. The true Scientist allows himself no theory till theory is inevitable, while these seekers after self, far from being content with noting and observing, have a scheme before them to which all powers and tendencies must conform or be discarded.

That the search for self can never be finished is an idea so familiar as to be trite, a "needed reflection, nevertheless; for the commonplaces of the sermonizer are the result of the platitudes of the Sciences.

We consider what we have been and wearily repeat the complaint that we can be nothing else, forgetting altogether the surprises that we have given ourselves in the past. We dare to say that we know our capacity for joy, never thinking that the shadows on some well-known hillside, the suddenly revealed meaning of a line long familiar in sound, the recognition of a friend's understanding of us, have often shown to us something hitherto unperceived in ourselves. We cannot tell because of the startling glimpse, afforded by some temptation—a flash, as it were, into the darkness of self—whether the same things will always lurk in that darkness. Our past sorrows tell us nothing of our future griefs. The real self will not submit to shackles even when self-imposed: it will not accept a sentence of satiety because of one moment of enjoyment, a lifetime of pessimism because of one hour of despondency, even with Self as judge. So general is the tendency to theorize over soon concerning the facts of self-consciousness, that for the individual no Science of self seems possible. Even the dullest has his own idea of self, which he attempts to express. When visions, dreams, or ideas shape the facts, we no longer have a Science, we begin to discern an Art.

In the self-revelation of one who came very near the perfect scientific method, we find the desire to modify the facts into something pleasureable or satisfactory to himself:

"Whoever will look narrowly into his own bosom will hardly find himself twice in the same condition. I give to myself sometimes one face and sometimes another, according to the side I turn to. I have nothing to say of myself, entirely and without qualification. One grows familiar with all strange things by time. But the more I frequent myself, the less do I understand myself. If these would consider themselves as I do, they would find themselves full of caprice. Rid myself of it I cannot without making myself away. They who are not aware of it have the better bargain. And yet I know not whether they have or no!" In those words, even Montaigne, whose "whole aim was to discover himself," and who was so blithely independent of views of self as a rule, appears as the artist rather than the scientist; for he transcribes his "sense of the facts" rather than the facts themselves.

The record of self-consciousness available for us is almost inexhaustible, and is throughout significant as proving that the results of a disintegration of personality are to be valued rather as materials for æsthetic manipulation than as data for scientific deduction. The test to be applied to

self estimates then, instead of the test of mere accuracy, should be that of artistic tact and sensibility. Self-presentment in words and deeds being nothing but an attempt to satisfy the desire natural to all men now and then to refresh themselves in a dream world, and to escape from the pressure of reality, its value will depend on that structural completeness of design absolutely proper to the vision within.

The poseur even at his best, will, therefore, have no place among those whom we may call artists in their use of self-consciousness, since he cares little for the indispensable beauty, "absolute accordance of expression to idea." Even the Man in Black and Beau Tibbs must be considered as masqueraders whose whole aim was to conceal the real self under affectation or caprice. The figures they create are mere toys, diverting to be sure but not within the realm of this art. To distinguish the poseur from the artist in self is not always easy; but the artist, faithful to the idea of self drawn from his self-consciousness, is eager to express it truly, while the poseur, whatever his motive, concerns himself with the playing of a part recognized as artificial by his self-consciousness.

In the treatment of his self-consciousness, the artist may adopt some one pose, limit himself to some one characteristic, or choose some particular costume, provided that he does no violence to his self-conception. Take for instance Odysseus, who in the midst of his sorrows, lost himself in the delight of carrying out his idea of himself as a man of guile. Wrecked on the shores of his country, he met Athene, and failing to recognize her in her disguise, tells her a false story of disaster. The goddess who knew the longing of his heart and desired to give pleasure to one she loved well, praised him, not for the story, clever as it was, but for his masterly translation of his meaning. "Crafty must he be, and knavish," thus she compliments him, "who would outdo thee in all manner of guile, even if it were a god encountered thee. Hardy man, subtle of wit, of guile insatiate, so thou wast not even in thine own country to cease from thy sleights and knavish words, which thou lovest from the bottom of thine heart." Had he met any one but a sympathetic goddess, Odysseus would have missed all words of praise; yet he would have enjoyed no small satisfaction in his dexterous handling of his self-conception.

The detachment of the real self from the imagined self—noticeable in Odysseus, the separation of one's personality into artist and idea, explains the wilful misery of those that take delight in their own misfortunes. They

feel the artist's joy, when successful in their portrayal, rather than the victim's pain in his suffering. Delighted with a precise and elaborate analysis, a luminous phrase, or subtle characterization, they rejoice in the sense of work well done. But, at last, forgetting that this self is not the real self, they confuse the two, and soon fling aside the original for their own presentation of it. Miss Wade, that self-tormentor, is an instance of skillfulness and ingenuity in the picturing of self as abused. She studied herself constantly and zealously, and faithful to her apprehension of the facts, created the desired atmosphere by "turning everything the wrong way and twisting all good into evil." Her lot would have been altogether unendurable, had she not been able to stand aside and regard her own creation with the critical eye of the artist. The grotesque self-caricature of these artists depends for its effect on a certain distortion of facts; the artistic value of their work, on the precision with which they convey their meaning. No example of self-torture displays the characteristics of this class of self-conscious folk more vividly than the following bit of Satire:

THE CAMEL'S COMPLAINT.

"Canary birds feed upon sugar and seed,
Parrots have crackers to crunch,
While as for the poodles—they tell me the noodles
Have chicken and cream for their lunch;
But there's never a question about *my* digestion—
Any thing does for me!

Cats you're aware may sleep on a chair,
While chickens may roost upon rails,
Puppies are able to sleep in a stable,
And oysters to slumber in pails;
But no one supposes a poor *camel* dozes—
Any place does for *me!*

Lambs are enclosed where it's never exposed,
Coops are constructed for hens,
Kittens are treated to houses well heated,
And pigs are protected by pens;
But a camel comes handy wherever it's sandy—
Any place does for me!

People would laugh if you rode a giraffe,
Or got on the back of an ox;
It's nobody's habit to ride on a rabbit,
Or try to bestraddle a fox;
But as for the *camel*—he's ridden by families—
Any load does for me!

A snake is as round as a hole in the ground,
And weasels are wavy and sleek,
While no alligator could ever be straighter
Than lizards that live in a creek;
But a *camel's* all humpy and dumpy and lumpy—
Any shape does for *me!*"

Here, however, the artists have forgotten that the self of one characteristic is not the infinitely varied individuality, and they limit the whole personality to an idea, true only of a small part of it. This confusion of the artist with his creation is a curiously insistent characteristic of the art of self-portrayal and leads to an intrusion of moral judgment where the criticisms should be merely those applied to any art, in this case to the art that transforms the facts of self-consciousness into creations distinct from the morally responsible self. Seriousness misplaced and almost dangerous results from this confusion; for we praise or blame, envy or pity, love or hate these phantoms instead of the actual persons. For the artist the danger is twofold, a shifting of responsibility from himself, and a paralysis partial or entire of his own personality. Created for a dream-world these abstractions cut but a sorry figure in the world of reality.

From the seriousness with which Mildred Lawson treated her conception of self, came the moral inertia that made possible reflections like the following:

"Self had been her ruin; she had never been able to get away from self; no, not for a single moment of her life. All her love-stories had been ruined and disfigured by self-assertion—not a great, unconscious self, in other words an instinct, but an extremely conscious, irritable, mean and unworthy self. She knew it all; she was not deceived. She could no more change herself than cheat herself; that wretched self was present in her at this moment as it had ever been, and knowledge of her fault helped her nothing in its correction."

If we contrast with her horrible dogmatism, as fatal to the essence of

individuality as the narrowest assertion of theologian to the true spirit of belief, the feelings of Martin Chuzzlewit, after a sudden glimpse of a self not less assertive, but somewhat more manageable, we see that he does not regard it with tenderness as his own creation and does not therefore shrink from altering it, even destroying it. The distinction between can't and won't—not very clear, when the destruction of our pleasing fictions is demanded, is not ignored by him in that moment of enlightenment:

"It was long before he fixed the knowledge of himself so firmly in his mind that he could thoroughly discern the truth; but in the hideous solitude of that most hideous place with hope so far removed, Ambition quenched, and Death beside him rattling at the door, reflection came, as in a plague-beleaguered town; and so he felt and knew the failing of his life and saw distinctly what an ugly spot it was.

"He made a solemn resolution that when his strength returned he would not dispute the point or resist the conviction, but would look upon it as an established fact, that selfishness was in his breast, and must be rooted out. He was so doubtful, and with justice, of his own character, that he determined not to say one word of vain regret or good resolve to Mark, but steadily to keep his purpose before his own eyes solely; and there was not a jot of pride in this; nothing but humility and steadfastness, the best armor he could wear."

The self which he had wrought from his own self-consciousness appeared to him altogether different from the ugly vision thus suddenly startling him and forcing him to recognize its reality.

As long as the ideal self substituted for the real self gives pleasure to the artist, he is gladly responsible for its words and actions. Having once assumed entire charge while the make-believe is in the ascendant, he is fortunate if he can still act vigorously when the actual asserts itself, and so be able to say with Grizzel,—"I am sure He did not want to do it all; He even left a little bit of it to me to do myself. I think it is the sweetest thing about God that He lets us do some of it ourselves."

Truly among all the schemes of artists in self-consciousness none seems to be more alluring in these "minutely self-scrutinizing days," than the development of a self with a "sense of powers folded up" like that of Dorothea Brooke. Yet here too the confusion and limitation so frequent, elsewhere, makes its appearance, causing Dorothea, because of the pictured self of the future, to marry Mr. Casaubon and to receive the approval of her

conscience for the suppression of her real self, until she realizes that,—"it had been easier to her to imagine how she would devote herself to Mr. Casaubon, and become wise and strong in his strength and wisdom, than to conceive with that distinctness, which is no longer reflection but feeling—an idea wrought back to the distinctness of sense, like the solidity of objects—that he had an equivalent centre of self, whence the lights and shadows must fall always with a certain difference."

In her nature ardent, theoretic, and intellectually consequent, Dorothea Brooke is only one of many conscientious artists in self among modern heroines. Not concerned in the "formation of demeanor" they do not repeat to themselves on entering a room those magic words,—"Papa, potatoes, poultry, prunes and prism, prunes and prism": they ponder instead illuminating ideas of self, and are so well trained that they have as much difficulty in experiencing an unforetold emotion as their grandmothers had in behaving indecorously. The opportunity for developing the selves they conjure up drives them to matrimony, or to the adoption of some career, the choice of a husband or a profession, depending altogether on the characteristics of the imagined self. Not altogether in error with regard to themselves, they also confuse the mockery self with one whom only time will reveal, and accordingly construct a faulty scheme of life.

The penetration of Aldous Raeburn amounts almost to genius when he thrusts aside the solemn dummy which Marcella keeps so persistently in the foreground, and thus discloses the really charming personality of the artist. Were he not himself so clear-sighted he would find it difficult to persuade us of the beauties so nearly smothered by the strenuous Marcella. The real self of Marcella, the self that her lover alone perceived, is curiously like that of Shirley in its aim and desires; but so unskillfully is it presented, that we can hardly see the resemblance. The disregard of the primitive emotions usually discernible in self-estimates is not observable in Shirley: she is always human, and is always ready to acknowledge it.

"At present I am no patrician, nor do I regard the poor around me as plebeians; but once they violently wrong me or mine, and then presume to dictate to us, I shall quite forget pity for their wretchedness and respect for their poverty, in scorn of their ignorance, and wrath at their insolence."

While she shares Marcella's desire to relieve the distress of the poor about her, she always takes into consideration the natural impulses of men as a further complication of the struggle between capital and labor. "What I want to do," she says, "is to prevent mischief. I cannot forget either day

or night, that these embittered feelings of the poor against the rich have been engendered in suffering: they could neither hate nor envy us if they did not deem us happier than themselves."

We cannot read of Shirley as of Marcella:—"As she stood on the chancel-steps vowing herself to those great things, she was conscious of a dramatic moment—would not have been sorry, perhaps, if some admiring eye could have seen and understood her." She would have despised herself for that other dramatic moment when Marcella sat considering Aldous Raeburn's love, yet seeing nothing but the self of her fancy as Lady Bountiful. Still I do not feel that I am unfair to Charlotte Brontë's delightful heroine in suggesting a resemblance between her and the introspective Marcella; for I find that the misplaced seriousness of Marcella resulting from her self-limitation, contrasted with Shirley's humorous consideration of herself in the character of philanthropist, a rôle entirely consistent with her self-consciousness at some times, at others ludicrously unfitted to it, constitutes the real difference between them. The anxious and misplaced seriousness so conspicuous in Marcella is a very marked characteristic in two masterly examples of self-limitation. In them the suppression of diverting details, combined with grace and attraction in the handling, has produced works full of æsthetic charm, the dramatic selves of Autolycus and Richard II. Typical of the artistic conscience, that excludes everything that will distract one from his plan, and also of felicity in the manipulation of his idea, is the work of Autolycus. He persists in introducing to us a certain sly rogue, as a very perfect image of himself, and he himself accepts it as a faithful likeness. In his scrupulous fidelity to his idea he says,—"If I thought it more knavery to acquaint the king withal, I would not do it: I hold it more knavery to conceal it; and therein am I consistent to my profession."

His own advancement shall not dim the glory of the artist: "Now had I not a dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head" . . . "my story remains undiscovered. But 'tis all one to me; for had I been the finder out of the secret, it would not have relished among my former discredits."

This tender regard for his presentation of himself, and the desire that the world too shall regard it seriously leads him to disavow any little contradictions that may appear, "Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance." Yet even with him we find at last the characteristic confusion. "If I had a mind to be honest, I see Fortune would not suffer me."

In unity of design and truth of expression, the imagined self of Shakespeare's Richard II. is without comparison. Even in modern fiction, it would be hard to find any one so consistent in word and deed to the self he has created for his own enjoyment.

Careless about the welfare of his Kingdom, he is always careful to make the graceful figure in the kingly robes refer to that land in eloquent tribute. In the warnings of the dying Lancaster, Richard hears the voice neither of kinsman nor of conscience; the king upon the stage is insulted, and in preserving his kingly dignity, is justified in any scorn of a subject, even though he make a mock of death and heap insult upon old age. He forgets the vital part of kingship and the duties of his real self as king, intent only that he may achieve perfection in the handling of his artistic conception.

His division of himself into artist and idea is continuously brought home to us by many turns of expression and by his almost constant reference to himself as to a third person.

After a moment of discouragement, when his own personality asserts itself, he cries:

> "I had forgot myself: am I not King?
> Awake thou coward majesty! thou sleepest."

His seriousness is so convincing, because his art is so good, that no one dares regard his mockery king with anything but the utmost gravity. They are loyal, rebellious, indignant or admiring subjects, not of Richard, "the sweet lovely rose," the charming personality manifest to the one or two who loved him, but of the lifeless figure which he chose to deck with the trappings of royalty at whose betrayal or exposure he exclaims:

> "Nay all of you that stand and look upon,
> Whilst that my wretchedness dost bait myself,
> Though some of you with Pilate wash your hands
> Showing an outward pity; yet you Pilates
> Have here delivered me to my sour cross,
> And water cannot wash away your sin."

> "Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself,
> I find myself a traitor with the rest;
> For I have given here my soul's consent
> To undeck the pompous body of a King;
> Made glory base and sovereignty a slave,
> Proud majesty a subject, state a peasant."

When this gravity with regard to self-estimates is not combined with skill in embodying the conception, it gives rise to a certain humor, intensified when the portrayal is flattering, and is set side by side with some work of hate or scorn. Yet, as always, the humorous cannot be altogether dissociated from the pathetic; for the self so poorly presented is never ridiculous, whether it be flattered or caricatured. Often too, these self-estimates are no nearer the artist's idea than the grotesque sketches of children so sadly in need of the illuminating mottoes, "I am a pig," "This is a swan." The skill and not the idea is wanting.

The air of solemn dignity and pompous wisdom may seem to a man the air exactly suited to him at all times. Even a blockhead may be quite sincere in imagining himself a sage. One such comes to my mind just now; ponderous in his speech, deliberate in his glance, impressive in his fantastic dress, a self-conceived authority, he succeeded in imposing his idea of himself on most of his neighbors. He had been named for public office and was on the point of election when his real worth and his imagined worth were contrasted cruelly. It had been noticed that one of the villagers had given no opinion about the merits of the candidate. When asked the reason for his silence he drawled out,—"Wal, I dunno, nawthin' 'bout his fitness. I jest know when I want a tooth draw'd I go to him. What that job needs is main strength and ignorance."

To what grotesque follies of face and dress does his seriousness concerning his conception of self, lead Malvolio. Maria disdains him as a "contemplative idiot" and makes a common recreation of one whose real self is a dignified and conscientious, if somewhat solemn gentleman. "O you are sick of self-love, Malvolio," says Olivia, referring to his untimely gravity, "and taste with a distempered appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition is to take those things for bird-bolts that you take for cannon bullets." But the ridicule that is heaped on Malvolio is meant not for the real self, but for the distorted image of himself which he chose to endorse. How strangely at variance with the ideas of others concerning them are the selves drawn from their self-consciousness by Mr. Casaubon, Mr. Dombey and Sir Willoughby Patterne. Each, fiercely imaginative in what concerned himself, was inclined to think that others were made providentially for the author of the "Key to all Mythologies," or the "Pillar of Dombey and Son," or the "sun of the house" of Patterne.

That these three famous self-lovers, little likely to be tolerant of one

another, should create three selves not easily distinguishable from one another adds a grimness to the humorous discrepancy between their vision of self and that seen by those about them. The marvelous likeness is emphasized at times to absolute identity, resulting in thoughts and actions not readily appropriated. Under similar stimulus Mr. Dombey's thoughts might have served as reflections on the conduct of Clara Middleton or Dorothea Casaubon:

"She had the grand demerit," so it seemed to him, "of unaccountably putting herself in opposition to the recognition of his vast importance, and to the acknowledgment of his complete submission to it, and so far it was necessary to correct and reduce her; but otherwise he still considered her, in his cold way, a lady capable of doing honor, if she would, to his choice and name, and of reflecting glory on his proprietorship."

In spite of glaring egoism, (careful consideration of the model), the treatment of self-consciousness by these artists is not successful; yet by its very faultiness, it enables us to come to some conclusions about the rules that must be observed by those who would use their self-consciousness to the best advantage. Indeed almost all the examples have been chosen not as instances of splendid achievements, but as illustrations of erroneous method or unhappy conception; because these vain attempts, whether humorous or tragic make plain the reasons for ill-success.

From them, dealing, as they do, less with Nature than with Art, it is evident that the first necessity of the art is self-knowledge. When this is gained the ridicule that follows any attempt to establish the individual in a situation unfitted to him may be avoided, as well as the tragic consequences of a restriction of the personality, a restriction that at length leads to the despairing cry:

> "I am ruined, who believed
> That though my soul had floated from its sphere
> Of wild dominion into the dim orb
> Of self—that it was strong and free as ever!
> It has conformed itself to that dim orb,
> Reflecting all its shades and shapes, and now
> Must stay where it alone can be adored."

Instead of the vain seriousness, already referred to as a source of so much real absurdity in self-portrayal, the demand for self-knowledge in-

volves the seriousness, characteristic of all earnest students, the seriousness that will not turn aside till it find the truth under all majesty of seeming. It will rest satisfied with no partial truths, lest it altogether misrepresent its model. But self-knowledge does not reward the sentimentalist, who courts experience of any sort, that he may thoroughly learn himself. The lore that he acquires is that of the pedant, never that of the scholar,—sophistication, not wisdom; the art, that he attempts, if indeed he attempt any, is that of the dilletante, whimsical, esoteric, lifeless. In his eager pursuit of self-knowledge, the self-conscious student forgets too often the experience of Montaigne:

"The great world is the mirror in which we must look, if we would really know ourselves. In short I would have that my scholar's book."

In a certain sense the interpreter of a part, why should the student of self, should he despise his prompt-book and attempt to play the improvisatore, be less ridiculous, or less exasperating than an actor, who, in a serious piece, should disregard his own part and ignore those of his fellow actors? To do so is to ignore the knowledge to be acquired from self-consciousness, —the unique fitness of each one for the work he has to do. Still, were self-consciousness to stimulate to self-study only, even though it bring back the students "to thoughts of order, to disinterestedness in their functions, to that self-concentration of the soul on one's own part, that loyal concession of their proper part to others, on which order depends," it would seem a poor exchange for the state of blissful ignorance of which we hear so much.

If self-consciousness arouses one to a desire for self-knowledge, still more does it impel one to give expression to the ideal self which, as yet, exists in the imagination only.

Once he begins to turn his dream into a reality, the artist will have to struggle against the temptation, that assails all artists in self-consciousness, to rest satisfied with the contemplation of their unfinished work, forgetting that it is co-extensive with life itself.

Of a truth, "our pilgrimage," in Plato's words, "is meant to end in nothing less than the vision of what we seek. But can we ever be quite sure that we are really come to that? By what sign or text?" Remembering that the essence of all æsthetic beauty is expression, the artist will endeavor to give shape to whatever of joy, of strength, of comfort or of warning his self-consciousness may reveal. Yet not in a spirit of vainglory will he utter his thought, the spirit that gives a shade of truth to the words of Maurice de Guérin,—

"There is more power and beauty in the well-kept secret of one's self and one's own thoughts, than in the display of a whole heaven that one may have inside one." If self-consciousness has roused one to an interest in himself, the choice is not, as those words suggest, between self-possession and a wanton display of one's deepest feelings; but, rather, between self-satisfied brooding over one's virtues and vices, and the noblest use of conscious self-knowledge. Far nearer to the truth are the lines:

> "Thyself and thy belongings
> Are not thine own so proper, as to waste
> Thyself upon thy virtues, they on thee.
> Heaven doth with us as we with torches do;
> Not light them for themselves: for if our virtues
> Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
> As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd
> But to fine issues, nor Nature never lends
> The smallest scruple of her excellence
> But like a thrifty goddess, she determines
> Herself the glory of a creditor,
> Both thanks and use."

These thoughts may seem to be a criticism of conduct rather than of works of art, an echo of the Parable of the Talents, that greatest of sermons for the self-conscious, rather than a valuation of self-portrayal. The shifting of responsibility from artist to creation showed how it was possible to misapply the moral judgment in the consideration of a work of art. Still there is a justifiable and persistent appeal to the moral judgment in æsthetic matters, in this art more than in any other. Once he has dismissed the question of technique, and has made clear the claim of the creation to be called a work of art more or less excellent, the critic must then consider whether it is to take its place as good art merely; or, whether it may rank with great art.

Then the discussion ceases to be one of color, of atmosphere, of composition; it begins to be one of loftiness of aim, of nobleness of interest, of depth of passion, of the admiration of things worthy, of height of aspiration. So the difference between great art and good art seems to be a moral difference, and therefore, while the self-portrayal of Richard II. is felicitous in its expression, it can never be considered great art, so trifling are its aims.

Neither can the art of Richard III. be called great, though so power-

ful, because he has desecrated that self by shameless audacity and has willfully chosen to represent only the base things in himself.

But just at this point the difference between this art and other arts becomes clear,—that here no art can be good that is not also great. The matter to be informed is always great and can be made to seem small only by powerlessness or irreverence, qualities inconsistent with artistic success. Should the artist, prizing the artistic quality of his work, choose to give a delicate finish to each part,—as in the work of Odysseus, he must do so with the whole effect full in view, elaborating only so far as is consistent with the exact adjustment of each part to all the others. In order that he may avoid limitation, so fatal to the highest æsthetic sense the artist must determine the value of his work as a whole, harmonious or discordant, judging the details only in their relation to the sum, his conscious self in all its varied moods and characteristics.

If the artist avoid narrow interests and slight passions, and if he display self-knowledge, trying only those things that he alone can do; or he better than any one else, attempting nothing that he cannot fulfill, he will find his own "logical, his architectural place in the great structure of human life," and in this finding of himself he will show himself a great artist. And greatness in this art is always possible, if there be in the heart a real sincerity, a determination not to sacrifice essential truths to those trivial and scattered truths apparent on the surface; a desire to find the beauties discernible in the least attractive character. To strive after the ideal to be wrought out of every human soul, without in any way denying the ugliness in the glory of the artist.

No mere unskillfulness in expression made possible the abuse of Sydney Carton's self-consciousness, rather a persistent turning away from the glimpses of a better self. Had he been less self-conscious one might not have held him responsible; but he was well aware at times of a mirage of honorable ambition, self-denial, and perseverance: to the indolent the visions of mastery are always as elusive as the mirage to the traveler in the desert. Had he had more of the painstaking ardor of the artist, he would have been ashamed to say,— "I am like one who died young. All my life might have been." In his death he himself passed judgment on his art, for he proved himself, as Lucie believed he might, "capable of good things, gentle things, even magnanimous things, he showed himself at last worthy of himself."

The recognition of the artistic possibilities of self-consciousness has resulted in works that show that we have here no evil; but an impulse to artistic endeavor of the highest kind. The art inspired by it, the art in which the matter is the self around which consciousness gathers, will ever be some further revelation of the infinite possibilities of self, some deeper penetration into the mystery of personality, some perfect expression of a soul's ideal; and the greatest achievement of that art will be the "soul's abandonment of its own petty limitations." Art puts the finishing touch to that which is, as yet, incomplete, enforcing order upon the bewildering elements of personality, foreshadowing the ideal self:

* * "so in man's self arise
August anticipations, symbols, types
Of a dim splendor, ever on before
In that eternal circle life pursues."

When, therefore, self-estimates are subjected to æsthetic criticism, the final tests of art are found to be identical with the supreme ideals of character. While this does not mean that the real self is to be supplanted by the visionary self, however great the art, remembrance must come to all of the inspiration received from conscious self-knowledge, nobly used, whether action rather than speech was the chosen form of expression, or words as well as deeds carried the message of the artist. Absorbed in his art, submissive to its exacting discipline, trained to perceive and strong to choose the beautiful, the artist himself becomes a work of art, and, at length, rejoices in the assurance of the immortal splendor attainable by all true artists:

"Brethren now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when He shall appear we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is."

Marian T. MacIntosh, '90.

A REMINISCENCE.

In the golden haze of the earliest time I can remember, there is a small figure that is very vivid to me. A dark-haired solemn-faced little girl, whom I know for myself, inhabits a beautiful child-world where most of the disappointments, bitter as they were once, have vanished away now, leaving a glow that brightens the pleasures themselves. A country house, older now than it was then, quiet as it did not use to be, standing among stately trees, and looking off over miles of fair green valley and wooded hills, is the centre of that child-world. And the best part of the house, I always thought, was the dim, silent attic, always full of unsolved mystery and endless possibilities of adventure. Of course the outdoor world, where there were live creatures for companions, and where the white-fenced garden spread to the sun its hollyhocks, larkspur, purple flags, and a tangle of blackberry bushes, held the first place in my affections; but upon occasion I could willingly exchange all this for the long low room under the shingle roof, from whose tiny windows was to be had so unfamiliar a view of the well known orchard and lawn.

There are two aspects under which I remember the attic. One is its gray day appearance. The proverbial rainy day never found the children of that house without something laid by, at least in the way of amusement; and when the weather wise uncle decreed indoor play for that morning, three pairs of small feet would pound laboriously up the narrow stairs—and at once before us lay another world. The closing of a door made it ours, absolutely. The hollow beating of the rain on the roof drowned all else, and seemed to deaden the world of every-day life to our ears as the streaming windows blurred it to our eyes.

Then began a game, which, to judge by the epochs it covered, might well drive us from the attic for sheer hunger when it was finished. Half in delicious dread of the shadowy corners, wholly eager, we dived into dark chests and trunks to bring up veritable treasures of quaint old garments, whose delicate half-musty odor, sweet and fragrant of the cedar wherein they had lain, was shed through the room. Since they had been worn by our

immediate ancestors they were hardly in character for the mediæval knights and ladies, the pilgrim fathers—and mothers—and other anachronisms that we introduced; but as we were gifted with imaginativeness, and were therefore never troubled by any qualms of conscience on the score of historical correctness, our "let's pretend" was all powerful in scene shifting. A brown velvet riding-habit (the favorite among these faded gowns) and the broad arm of an antique rocking-chair were a sufficient setting for a most realistic ride, and with them as aids to fancy, we travelled uncounted miles at a gallop. The two who had failed to attain this bliss—and I, being the youngest, was often one of them—would solace themselves with a green-flowered silk and some other less desirable bit of faded splendor. Whatever the costume, the play was absorbing enough to allow us to be but dimly conscious of the dark sloping roof, the end walls with their gray squares of light, and outside, the noisy rain.

The other aspect of the attic was to me no less delightful. On a clear summer afternoon the level red sun rays entering through those same narrow little windows, lit up the attic and pushed its dimness far back behind the huge chests and shapeless lumber. Where the light touched the rough floor it warmed its dull brown to red, and, gliding across an old table, laid there a polish long departed. The room, keeping the long day's heat, was full of warm woody smell, except when a breeze drifted in at the window with a hint of grass new-cut. There was no play there on a day like this for where would be the natural economy of spending clear weather indoors? But a brief visit won the reward of the strange faint odor of old things, the sight of them steeped in a splendor of brilliance, and best of all, the sense of touching hands with the old times to which they had once belonged.

Edith Campbell Crane, 1900.

DARKNESS AND DAYLIGHT.

Far beyond the fields, where the sea lies sleeping,
Hovers Daylight flushed with regret, and feeling
All the gold of hope on her drowsy forehead
Silently darkening.

Through the languid night that the wild winds lull not,
Dyed about with purple and dark with weeping,
Send me, Sweet, a dream on the wings of Hope borne,
Down to me sleeping.

Let its feet be shod with a sudden longing,
Let its breath be warm with the joy of Springtime,
Let its hands be dipped in the dew of Lethe
Soothing and subtle.

Then my heart shall sing with a joy new risen,
All my night shall yearn to the light of Daytime,
One brief hour obliterate all the weary
Waiting without thee.

Grace Constant Lounsbery, '97.

AT DELPHI.

High up on the side of Parnassus, some twenty-one hundred feet above the sea, lies the village of Delphi, a group of small one-story houses huddled close together as if to keep one another from tumbling off into the ravine below. It was a clear March morning when we came into the village, after a two hour drive from Itea, the seaport town below. We had found the Sacred Plain green already with the first touch of spring, and the olive trees that skirt it were glimmering with a soft gray light. As the road wound up the mountain the snowy peaks of Locris and Aetolia had come nearer and nearer, and we had left the Corinthian Gulf a mere line of blue at the foot of the Peloponnesian hills.

Basili Paraskenas had the only house in the village in which we could find refuge, and he boasted a sidewalk, glass in his windows and accommodation for eight in his three rooms. Of these one served as a dining-room by day, another, a kitchen, as the sitting-room at night. On its little hearth the olive wood burned brightly and beside the chimney-piece hung the cup of olive oil in which a bit of wick was burning. High on the wall we could just make out the dried leaves of the wedding wreath, and the sacred picture of the Virgin and the infant Christ before which another little flame shone dimly. Here were the Lares and Penates; through the long winter months this empty-looking room was home for Basili and his cheery bashful wife. He proved a kindly host and as full of friendly curiosity as all the villagers about him. The beautiful dark-eyed women leading home their mules laden with water-casks, gave us a friendly greeting as they passed, and the little children smiled at us from under the pointed hoods of their dull blue shepherds' coats. In front of the village store the sturdy peasants in homespun tunics took their turn in leading the high steps of their merry dance, but the music came from a wheezing bagpipe, sad successor to Apollo's lyre.

Only a few rods further along the road lies the shrine of Apollo himself, the leader of the dance. Upon its ruins until seven years ago these same villagers were living in their tiny houses of sun-dried brick. Now the

French have opened for us the sanctuary and the little Greek settlement has given place to the ancient Delphi, so long buried beneath it. Even now, as we first enter the precinct, we see little but desolation, only stones about one's feet, pedestals without statues, inscriptions of trophies long since plundered, temple foundations on which columns and cornices lie in broken fragments. We must roam about among the ruins if we would have it all seem real.

In this little marble treasure house, a temple-like structure with a sculptured frieze, were stored the offerings that Athens sent, after her great victories. The names on the seven pedestals that stand on the curved platform before us are those of the Argive kings. A stately company they must have been, facing the Epigoni across the road. Here is the base of the famous Platæa column, there, a sober sphinx that the Naxians made. The Greek states seem to increase in wealth and power as we enumerate their offerings, and add Siphnos, Cnidos, and many another to Argos, Sparta, and Thebes, but we are still far from imagining the splendor of the sanctuary to which they brought their choicest spoils. We might climb up into the theatre above the temple, or go into the Lesche whose walls were once lined with the paintings of Polygnotus, but the many inscriptions lying about us, in honor of athletes victorious in the Pythian games, bid us hasten on to the stadium that lies higher yet on the hill above. The goals are still standing, round which the victors turned, and the stately seats where the judges sat when the crowds cheered the runners or strained their eyes to see the discus fly through the air. We can almost see Pindar going down the path that leads by Hassotis on his way to Apollo's temple to sing the far-resounding victor's hymn.

Imagination may thus easily fill the precinct with warriors and statesmen, with kings that seek new realms to conquer, with young Athenians longing like Xenophon to join in battles they know not of, with handsome athletes, wearing their laurel crowns, their faces flushed with the joy of the glad contest, with weary pilgrims whose hopes have far too long been tossed now up, now down. All came to worship at the sanctuary, all sought some "knowledge of the things to come from which men's minds are blinded." Yet now the Pythia's voice is silent. No violent sounds issue from hidden chasms, no smoke rises above the temple's height. We are alone in the sacred precinct, sitting in the sunshine on the steps of Apollo's temple, looking in vain for the old inscription "know thyself." Above our heads for

some eight hundred feet rise the cold gray cliffs that were called "shining." Below, hundreds of feet below us, winds the narrow line of the wandering Pleistus. Far beyond, the grand old mountains of Aetolia and the Peloponnese lift their snowy peaks into the sky. Parnassus itself we cannot see. Its summit is hidden by the beetling cliffs above our heads. Just now there are few sounds in the temple precinct. The birds that Ion used to drive away flap their wings, swoop down upon the temple, and flutter away again. Now and then there rises the voice of some little shepherdess calling to her goats on the steep hillside below, or the sweet laughter of some peasant women trudging by to wash their clothes in the Kastalian spring. They are not thinking of the Pythia, they need not the warning *μήδεν ἀγάν*.

The shadows of the clouds pass swiftly over the mountains, and the sun comes higher into the heavens. The blue anemones and the veronicas at our feet are in their fullest bloom. A bit of gold leaf from some old statue glitters in a ray of sunshine, and we look up quickly to find the cliffs above us gleaming white with light. Once more the god of Light is in his temple. From out the solemn silence again the Pythia speaks.

Susan B. Franklin, '89.

I

ANACREON, 70.

O Thracian colt, why look askance,
And shun me with a sidelong glance?
Ah! pitiless! Away you dance.

Know you I would a bridle fling
About you? And the reins I'd swing,
And guide you in the race-course ring.

Still in the meadows sweet and wet
With light young springs your feet you set;
Beware! You have no rider yet!

II

SCOLION, 16.

Drink with me and be young, love as I love, crowned as I am with flowers,
Rave with me when I rave, but be thou too, wise, in my wiser hours.

Mary Helen Ritchie, '96.

THE FATALISTS.

Marcia was smiling to herself, a tiny inscrutable smile, which became perhaps just a shade more marked as the conversation to which she was listening took on an added degree of animation. The table at which the little party of six were placed was on the seaward side of the café, a little removed from the general hum of talk, and through the open window by it came in a flood of broad yellow sunshine, and soft air, and the splashing sound of waves breaking at the foot of the terrace. The drowsy warmth of a March afternoon on the Mediterranean coast had laid its soothing spell on the gaily dressed groups gathered here and there at the small tables, and the murmur of their voices mixed indistinguishably with the soft clink of the tea-cups; but, in contrast to this prevailing peaceful mood, three at least, of Marcia's companions, far from yielding to the influence of the moment, were arguing themselves into a state of high excitement. The big tawny man opposite her was at the moment twisting his blond moustache, and setting his square jaw more squarely than ever as he listened to a half-laughing, half-disgusted protest from a tall, auburn-haired girl beside him, while the parted lips and eager black eyes of the young fellow at the table's end proclaimed his anxiety to break in with an answer to her argument. Though the girl, through whose light speech there ran quite a perceptible vein of serious feeling, was addressing both men, it was sufficiently clear that her remarks were meant chiefly for the man at her side; while, to Marcia herself, the greatest interest of the dispute lay in the dark intent face of the third disputant.

"It is just a bit absurd," she was saying to herself as she sipped her tea, "to see him so excited at Isabel's attempt to upset his philosophy in theory, when I am going to upset it in practice before the afternoon is over. He calls himself a fatalist, and charges everything to destiny, yet here am I planning to play destiny myself, and he doesn't seem to have even a presentiment."

Marcia was a philosopher in her own way, but it was not her philosophy which told her what would happen when she and Jerry Coupland went

walking after tea. Though he did not know it, this walk was the opportunity which she was giving him to tell her something that she knew already, and ask her a question whose answer she had waiting for him; and because she was conscious that the choice was hers, to hear or to postpone his declaration as she wished, she was now smiling to herself as she heard him so emphatically putting down everything in life to the score of fate. He was saying gravely, in a pause of Isabel Van Elten's gay speech,—

"It is a hard philosophy, and often enough it makes a man feel like a rat in a cage—that is true. But I think as Barnett does, that we may as well own that we can't help ourselves in this business we call life, and learn to take the evil with the good. Thank heaven, there are few of us to whom the mill does not grind out good beyond our deserts."

Marcia felt that she could forgive Jerry's lack of logic for the sake of his humility. She turned her shining eyes on the sea, for fear that they should tell him too soon of the good fortune he did not realize; having always been very reserved, and rather proud of the fact, she clung to her reserve up to the last minute, though she had her times of looking forward, almost with relief, to casting it aside. After the first surprise of discovering that she loved Jerry Coupland, she accepted the situation with characteristic thoroughness, and now, with the utmost coolness, was preparing to be hot-headed—when the proper time came.

Perhaps Mrs. Van Elten, who had been presiding at her own end of the table with a dignity quite unruffled by the heat of the dispute around her, at last decided that it had gone far enough, or perhaps she was only tired of making unappreciated advances towards conversation with Coupland's young sister who sat next her, but who seemed much more interested in the blond prophet of destiny opposite than in the good lady's stately platitudes; at any rate, whatever the reason, Mrs. Van Elten thought it time to direct her party toward their hotel. Page Barnett may have thought fate responsible for his being Miss Van Elten's companion on the homeward way, but if so, fate wore a black grenadine that afternoon, and went sweeping down the promenade with Esther Coupland attached unresisting to her side. Probably Mrs. Van Elten, who was described, admiringly by her friends, and ruefully by her very independent daughter, as "a great manager," found it hard to break herself of habits contracted before her daughter became engaged to Barnett.

On the way from the café to the hotel, Marcia and Jerry deserted the

party, and turned off into one of the white, dusty, winding streets that climb and twist, between sun-warmed walls and terraces overhung with cactus, and sprawling heliotrope, up to the ragged slopes behind the town, gray-green with shimmering olive-trees. They mounted the hillside, rather silently, to a point where the trees broke away from the roadside, and the blue and silver Mediterranean, all alive with light under the afternoon sun flashed on them from below; there they sat down on the low stone parapet beside the road, and talked of the sea and the olive-trees, and as the broken phrases of their speech hovered, like wheeling birds, nearer and nearer the point she had foreseen, Marcia smiled at the olive-trees and the sea as if they were in her secret.

"Miss Winston," said Jerry at last, breaking the tingling silence that had fallen between them, "I am sure that you thought me too dogmatic when Barnett and I were arguing with Miss Van Elten." Then, upon Marcia's admission that she had thought him somewhat over-positive, he took a graver tone, and, leaning forward with his elbows on his knees to twirl his broad hat restlessly between his hands, he went on to talk to her of himself, a moody, motherless boy, running wild on a Southern country-place; of his irregular education; of his eccentric father, whose death, some years before, had left him alone in the world with his young sister; and of their travels ever since for the sake of her delicate health. Though Marcia knew already the greater part of the story, she listened, as women have always listened to such tales, for the sake of the teller, and almost rejoiced to divine his sense of something lacking in his restless life, because of her hope of supplying that lack. When he had brought his history down to the hazard that had turned him and his sister to Cannes for that winter, he digressed suddenly to say:

"I have been rather long, haven't I? But I wanted you to understand my respect for the strength of circumstances by seeing what they have made of my life. And there's more to come yet." He interrogated her averted face with a questioning half-smile, but she did not turn. He went on.

"You surely know without words that I love you, but still I wanted to tell you so, and to tell you besides that these weeks here, since I met you, have been the happiest of my life. Whatever comes after, I am thankful to have had this time. You know that too?" Again he looked up, and again her averted face gave him no answer. "I have learned," he continued in a tone which began to strike Marcia as unnecessarily resigned, "to

know you well enough to see how impossible it would be for you to care for such a fellow as I am" (here at last he won a look from his companion, a look of blank bewilderment which he did not see); "it just isn't in the nature of things. Lately, when I could not help showing you sometimes how much I cared, it has made you constrained and uncomfortable; that was because you did not see how well I understood my own position."

To Marcia, when he stopped, it seemed that the world was going round. The possibility of having to contend with such a misconception as this had never entered her mind, and for the moment her faculties were paralyzed. From any other man such a speech would not have surprised her; indeed, in general drift it corresponded with a formula she was well accustomed to hear. Marcia had been too long ticketed "superior" not to have come to realize that most men thought her quite beyond the reach of ordinary love-making, and considered the conventional proposal thrown away on her; but now, when Jerry, whom she loved as she had never expected to love any one, began to talk to her as others had done, accepting what he considered his fate with an air appallingly final, she found that the familiar form of avowal suddenly sounded monstrous. She felt that she must say something; since it appeared, in spite of her conviction that she had betrayed herself a thousand times, that her efforts to treat him like everybody else had been only too successful, she must at least undo the false impression she had given. But words failed her pitifully in this unaccustomed stress, and after trying to say that she did not wish him to think—that she could not understand why he had thought—that she had never meant—and finding herself at each attempt only more hopelessly entangled in the web of speech, she was fain to cease in flushed embarrassment, and then sat plucking at a branch of feathery yellow mimosa beside her, in miserable silence.

"You must not blame yourself," he said steadily, reasoning, manlike, from appearances; "if there is any fault in the matter, the fault is mine." ("It certainly is," she raged inwardly.) "And for fear that you should take yourself to task, I want you to know that I understood you from the very beginning, and knew just how it would be. I loved you because I could not help it, but I have never been blind." She gave a little gasp, and bit her lip, but he was still unconscious. "Your friends laugh at your being so hard to please, and make mock-serious predictions, that you will never marry; that may be one of the truths that people speak in jest, for no man

who knew you as well as I do could expect to come up to your standards. Surely, at least, not a man who was handicapped as I am. It should not surprise you, Miss Winston, that I am at outs with fortune for the ill turns that she has served me."

Marcia was staring at the blinding bright sea below them with a look that finally disturbed him.

"Have I displeased you?" he asked remorsefully. She assured him that she was not displeased, but her tone was unsatisfactory.

"And we can always be friends?" They could be friends, certainly. There was a trying pause, and then he talked of other things, while a mist that was not all caused by the glare of the sea swam before Marcia's eyes, and she tore her spray of mimosa to tiniest shreds.

Half an hour later, as Isabel Van Elten sat at her dressing table, Marcia came swiftly into the room without knocking, and leaning back against the door as she closed it behind her, stood confronting her friend with tragic eyes.

"My dear!" cried Isabel, with outstretched hands. The friendship between these two, though of that reticent sort which shrinks from spoken confidences, was yet based on so complete an understanding of each other that such speech was usually unnecessary; and in the present case, when something was so clearly wrong, Isabel's mind flew to the mark at once. She took the other girl's brown, wind-blown head to her breast, and there, in a burst of unwonted communicativeness, the tale was told.

"And the most unpardonable thing that he said," concluded Marcia, suddenly looking up and straightening herself upon her knees beside Isabel's chair, "was that he was sure I would never marry, because my standards were too high. He said that for his part he knew that he could never come up to my ideal."

"Couldn't you have conveyed to him that no sensible woman ever wants to marry her ideal? Only a man would be so impractical. It makes me think of the riddles we had when we were children: 'When is an ideal not an ideal?—After the proposal.'" She hurried on, as if afraid of what she might have suggested, "That sounds like 'Alice in Wonderland,' yet there may be something in it." But she had launched the fatal word.

"Do you suppose," interrupted Marcia in a tone of stern inquiry, and with the air of one who would not be trifled with, "that he considered *that* a proposal?"

Isabel temporized. "Do you?"

"Some girls would—no, I can't! Much as I should like to, I cannot consider that I have been proposed to; and the worst of it is that he didn't bungle his declaration in the excitement of the moment; he simply had no idea of asking me to marry him. As well as I could gather his meaning, he seemed to think that it just was not worth while."

"That is the effect of his philosophy," moralized Isabel, twisting her long locks around her fingers, and eying the process gravely; "things seemed against him, and he couldn't think of an active interference with providence. A girl seems cold, therefore she must be allowed to remain so. It would be funny, if it wasn't so provoking! They call everything fatality, and it is fortunate that the fates are three, for no one pair of shoulders would be broad enough for the load of responsibility they put on them."

"They?" Marcia was looking her not unnatural surprise at the change of pronoun.

"The two of them—Jerry and Page; one is as bad as the other."

"Page did his own proposing, at least."

"While you will have to do Jerry's for him?"

"I never will!" cried Marcia indignantly; "I tried to tell him that he was mistaken, and he refused to understand, and—I never will!"

Isabel drew a quick breath, as if on a sudden resolution, and said in a tone that was all at once strangely bitter, "Be glad that you have nothing worse to do." She met her companion's apprehensive eyes steadily, and seemed to be preparing herself for an unaccustomed effort. "Suppose that Jerry had left you such a task as Page has left me," she said, after a pause.

"I don't understand you," Marcia began weakly.

"You understand me perfectly," returned Isabel calmly. She threw her head far back, and, with her two hands at her temples, looked down at her friend from under half-closed lids. "My task is to break my engagement, because Page feels forbidden to tell me frankly that he is in love with Esther Coupland." Marcia made an inarticulate sound of protest, but Isabel went on. "Did you hear him this afternoon talking about the times when a man finds himself tied hand and foot, and can do absolutely nothing? He thought that I would not understand! In his own eyes, and probably in Esther's too, he is the martyr of an unkind fate; the assumption that he is helpless simplifies his position immensely, for it leaves him, after counting up everything, from the accident of his meeting the Coup-

lands on the steamer, to the coincidence of their choosing our hotel here, and all the consequences that have resulted, free, quite free, to feel that he is a victim of circumstances. And so, to save his conscience, and to keep from spoiling three lives, I must be scape-goat, and bear the brand either of jealousy or of fickleness, according as I make my way out of the tangle by telling the truth or telling a lie."

Spite of gathering moisture in her eyes, and rising fever in her cheeks, Isabel had kept her self-control through her outburst, but at its close she turned her face suddenly against the back of her chair, and Marcia, as she put an arm around her, felt her whole frame shake with strangling sobs. The next moment she had regained her calmness again, and, putting back her loosened hair, said in a tone almost tranquil enough to discredit the evidence of her wet lashes.

"So you see, since Page has left his affairs to providence, that providence must be I."

"I see that Page is disgracefully weak and changeable, and that you will be well rid of him," retorted Marcia hotly.

"I shall not be well rid of him," was the slow answer, as the speaker leaned her head back once more, and let Marcia stroke her hair away from her forehead. "He is the very finest man I know; it is just because he is so impossibly honorable, with a man's conventional honor, that he is taking his present stand. I admire him for it, but—it is a strange thing that, after all, the most admirable men are often the most helpless in a moral dilemma; their philosophy of life and conduct is so hopelessly inelastic that a situation at all out of the ordinary finds them at a loss. They have their theories, and if circumstances won't fit them, so much the worse for the circumstances. Since a man of honor cannot do certain things, be they never so necessary, it follows that, if they are to be done at all, some one else must see to it. In the present case, I am the someone else." Turning to the mirror, and taking up her brush, she went on in a cool conversational tone, "It really does not surprise me at all that he has fallen in love with Esther." She had completely recovered her balance.

"It surprises me very much," was Marcia's blunt reply; "you are so much more his kind; you are——"

"Yes, dear, I know—clever, and tactful, and charming, and altogether suitable; in short, I am a finished product, which Esther isn't. But Page has always known girls like me, and I am to him only the nicest one of a

class, while Esther is in a class by herself. She is unlike anything he ever saw before. I, who have been duly turned out by the proper social agencies, have quite mastered the use of language to conceal thought, and am considered an interesting talker; but Esther, who was turned out by nature and an old-fashioned governess on a Southern plantation, can say enough with one look of her big gray eyes to make him forget all my glittering small-talk. And then besides," she added, with a whimsical smile that brought the color into Marcia's cheeks, "there is a certain indefinable charm that seems to run in the Coupland family."

Dinner that evening was not a comfortable meal. With the exception of Isabel, who carried on an easy monologue through six courses, no one spoke except in monosyllables, and Esther, very pale, and deeply interested in her plate, hardly spoke at all. When dinner was over, and Mrs Van Elten had fled from their uneasy atmosphere to her evening game of whist, the five young people strayed aimlessly about in a miserable group, with an air of being afraid to separate, and finally wandered into the reading-room, where they stood around the table, idly fingering the reviews. Page turned at last to Isabel, and impelled perhaps by the thought that, for a man who had crossed the ocean to see his fiancée, he had really been very little with the object of his visit, would have taken her away from the party, but a tête-à-tête with him was, of all things, what she felt herself at the moment least able to bear. "Not to-night, any time but to-night!" she protested inwardly; and, pleading a headache, she called Marcia to take her place. Her friend's air of real relief at this slight relaxing of the moment's constraint helped her to ignore Jerry's rueful look; and as she withdrew, already somewhat ashamed of her small diplomacy, she saw him and Esther settle themselves with a hollow pretence of interest at the reading-table, while Page wandered forlornly off with Marcia. Then she went slowly upstairs, holding hard to the balustrade, and sent down word to her mother that she was not to be disturbed.

But when Marcia came up to her own room, hours later, she found a white figure kneeling by the window, which looked across the moonlit garden, with its silver stretches of lawn blotted with sprawling shadows of lemon-trees and palms, to the pale trembling sea beyond the wall of the promenade. The moonlight fell through the parted curtains on the girl's motionless figure, and something in the stillness told Marcia that she had knelt thus for hours. Even now she did not move or turn; she only said,

"Come here"; and when the other put her arms about her neck from behind, she asked mournfully, "Marcia, would you have thought that I could be such a brute when I knew that he wanted to be with Esther?" Marcia drew her arms tighter without a word. "I wonder why it is really less difficult to make the great sacrifice than to give up the small outward signs of possession," she went on; then, after a pause, "Look how peaceful the whole world seems to-night! Wouldn't it be easy to fold one's hands, and say, 'I will drift, I will let things take their course; why should I give up what I want so much?' Do you remember how I talked, when we first came here, of coming back with Page after we were married? This night seems like one of those nights to me; and to think that if only I do nothing at all, it will all come true! Why should I do anything at all?"

"We will let things right themselves, then," murmured a low voice in her ear, "we will let things right themselves."

"If only we could!" sighed Isabel drearily. "No, dear—the moon is a great maker of fatalists; she is dangerous company for you and me."

But when Isabel appeared at Marcia's door next morning, fresh and smiling as the blue and gold day outside, she seemed to have forgotten last night's melancholy as completely as the rustling palms, and the sea, sparkling crisply under the breath of the mistral, had forgotten their silver stillness under last night's moonlight.

"Up, up!" she cried; "if you but knew what a marvelous morning you are losing! Moreover, I have just left Jerry Coupland, who has had a telegram from some tiresome relatives in Nice bidding him join them at once, and is now wandering about the garden in a state of utter despair. He doesn't seem to know just what he wants, but I think I could tell him. Meanwhile, pessimism is too weak a word to describe his view of life, and altogether it is high time that you were awake."

"I have been awake for hours, and thinking hard," answered Marcia from among her pillows; then, raising her head, and turning a pair of very bright brown eyes on her visitor, she added firmly, "And my mind is made up."

"Mine doesn't have to be made up for three hours yet," said the other, a trifle grimly, "as Page started out very early to ride to Golfe-Juan, and won't be back before luncheon. It might help me, though, when the time comes, if you will tell me how you managed it." But this was the one thing that Marcia would not do; she would only state, impressively but darkly,

that she had decided real consistency to mean conformity to circumstances, and not to theories.

"That sounds well," commented Isabel judicially, "but you will never convince a man of it."

"I am not going to try. I am only going to try the old formula of 'like cures like';" and Marcia would say no more.

Isabel wandered down to the promenade, which the wind had swept clear of pedestrians, except for a few indefatigables, chiefly English, in box-coats and impossible hats; there she stood leaning on the parapet in the sunshine to watch the waves dash themselves into curly white foam as they raced across the brown, dripping rocks to the foot of the wall. Partly because of their constant gurgle and splash, and the mistral singing in her ears, and partly because she was thinking deeply, she did not hear the light step that approached hesitatingly, and stopped, or the diffident greeting, ventured by a low voice at her elbow, but a subtle instinct made her conscious of neighborhood, and she looked up to meet Esther Coupland's wistful eyes. For some reason, she felt a sudden unexpected tenderness for this young thing, so innocently guilty of Page's inconstancy and her own distress; and the consciousness that for this girl's sake she stood on the brink of sacrifice, surrounded Esther with the nimbus by whose light we see those for whom we suffer. So they fell into such talk as they had never had before, until Isabel, reading more and more clearly the unconscious confession of Esther's sorrowful face, and all at once desirous of ending the other's struggle as well as her own, broke off her speech of this and that, and then stood wondering how to say what she had in mind. While she was still seeking her words, Esther helped her. She was leaning forward to look down at the waves below them, and saying, as if to herself:

"They are very like men's lives. They dash and dash against the rocks, but they are always beaten back."

"But not conquered," said Isabel quickly, "for the sea is never beaten into stillness; and so, too, no man is conquered until he lies down, and gives up the fight. Some men do that; I call it declining to work out one's own salvation, but they call it fatalism." Esther flushed at this turn of the talk, and took her eyes suddenly from Isabel's, but the other went on evenly:

"You and Page have talked of this?"

Esther admitted that they had talked of it a little.

"What do you think of his attitude toward—such questions?"

"I think that he is very strong—and faithful," was the tremulous answer.

"Yes, so strong that he will never confess his weakness, and so faithful that he thinks he can give a woman faith enough to make up for lack of love." Esther turned frightened, piteous on the speaker; so might a child look who had innocently stolen a treasure it could not replace. "My dear," said Isabel, "he will not tell me; I am sure that he has not even told you" ("No, no," breathed Esther); "but I know. And so, when he comes back from Golfe-Juan, he will find a note waiting for him—with this." She drew off Page's diamond, and held it up to the sun. Then laying one hand lightly on Esther's arm, "Make him give you a pearl, child," she said; "they say that pearls are for tears, but I do not think you need be afraid —with Page."

But there were great tears now in Esther's gray eyes.

"You are so good," she murmured.

"I am so far from good," returned Isabel in a level tone, with her eyes on the breaking waves, "that I am going to write him a lie; I am going to tell him that I am tired of him. And you," with a sudden imperative look, "will never tell him the truth."

"I shall tell him nothing," said Esther's tearful voice, "that you do not wish." Then the older girl laid a cold hand on hers for a minute, and left her.

Alone in her own room, with her face buried in the cushions of the long sofa, Isabel tried to think how it had all come about; she had cut the knot at last, but it was in a way of which she had never dreamed. However it was cut once and for all; Page was free, and when the hurt to his vanity was healed, he would thank—for time! There remained now only the writing of the note; and rising with a sudden eagerness to have everything quite over, she rang nervously for ink and paper, and wrote off a hurried half-sheet with a reckless hand. "Now he will follow her to Nice," thought she, "and I need not see him before he goes." She directed and sealed the letter, and, this done, was ready to yield to the wretchedness that was tugging at her heart-strings, when a knock at the door startled her back into self-control.

It was Marcia who came in, flushed and trembling; she looked half-abashed, and even a bit apologetic, but she did not look in the least superior. There are some distinctions for which a woman in love has no use; Marcia

had stepped down from her pedestal, and seemed rather to like the feeling of ordinary earth.

After repeated protests that never, not even to Isabel, could she tell what had passed between herself and Jerry, she at last brought a stool to her friend's feet, and there, emboldened by the ironical suggestion that she could easily hide her head in the sofa-cushions, if it became necessary, she explained her application of the principle that like cures like.

"I told him," she said, twisting the fringe of the sofa with great diligence, "that I was something of a fatalist myself, and claimed to have presentiments. Imagine my having a presentiment, or owning to it if I did, Isabel!"

Isabel could not possibly imagine it.

"So I told him that if he really believed we were all slaves of circumstance, he should be able to figure out from present circumstances just about how things should logically happen in the future; and I said that I could do it. Finally I proposed that, as a matter of curiosity, and just to see, we should each write on a slip of paper what both of us might naturally expect to be doing one year from now, and then compare the slips."

A pause.

"Marcia, this hesitation spoils your climax. What was on them?"

"He wrote that he would probably be in Egypt with Esther, as she had talked of spending next winter there; and that I would be having a gay time at home in Washington. And I wrote—that—Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Coupland—Isabel, if you laugh, I shall kill you!"

"Laugh! My dear girl, I am overcome, not with laughter, but with admiration," declared Isabel, in a choked but earnest voice; "but do not leave me in suspense. Sit up like a sensible being, and tell me the rest."

But it appeared that there was really nothing more to tell; at least, nothing of any importance. Except (as an afterthought, and more soberly) that Jerry had had a second telegram, and that he and Esther were to leave by an early train next morning.

"We were only just in time, then," said Isabel, with an unmirthful smile. "I also have played my part as a private providence to-day, and I am willing to admit that I am tired of the rôle. The curtain falls with this note, which I shall ask you to deliver, as I shan't— as I don't think I want any luncheon to-day," she ended unsteadily.

Then it was Marcia's time to call herself selfish, and blind, and incon-

siderate, to ask penitent questions, and to make sympathetic offers of salts and strong tea; but Isabel protested that the only service she could render was the delivery of the note and the ring.

"That will end it; oh, I am so sick of responsibilities! And then—do you realize the worst of what we have done? We have confirmed two men in their belief that it is wisest and best to leave things to fate."

"We have played at *deus ex machina*," announced Marcia, looking up from her low seat with solemn eyes, "and we shall never have the credit of it."

"Credit!" sighed Isabel forlornly, thinking of Page's face when he should read her letter; and then they were very silent for a little, until Marcia asked with some hesitation,

"There is really nothing I can do for you, is there, dear?"

"No, no; and of course Jerry is waiting for you. Go down. I hear mother coming now, and indeed I need nothing. Please go down."

Mrs. Van Elten stopped in the doorway; she thought her daughter asleep. Isabel's face was buried again in the cushions, but no sleep had come to cool her burning eyelids. She heard the mistral singing through the palms, she heard the singing surge of the waves along the shore, and Marcia's receding steps in the corridor, that kept singing time to the gladness in her heart.

"Mother," said Isabel wearily, "will you close the windows, and close the blinds, and draw the curtains? This is such a noisy room."

Cora Armistead Hardy, '99.

COLLEGIANA.

YE MAY-DAY FÊTE.

IT has, perhaps, been hard to make many understand how any member of the college could wish for more than the green of the campus, "open to the fields and to the sky," to perpetuate the traditions of former classes and to foster in the present student body an interest in the pursuit of the highest ideal of student life. It may be said that if one does not feel these things no number of students' buildings will create a veneration of this sort. And, from one point of view, this is undoubtedly true, for the mere fact that a building is standing on the campus between Radnor and Low Buildings is not enough to create college feeling and sentiment. The use, however, to which such a building will be put, in that the organizations and persons using it will be working to the interests of all connected with Bryn Mawr, will do much to bring about a unity of purpose and a serious and deeply felt enthusiasm in the affairs of the College. The immense utility of the Students' Building will soon overcome the difficulty that is always attendant on any new and comprehensive remedy that is attempted for a general need, and the conservatism of those who resent innovations and changes of any sort will certainly cease to be offended by this new building, when it is seen to strengthen the "old Bryn Mawr spirit," which is dearer to them than the desire to have the campus "just as it used to be."

The good effects of the enterprise are evident. Since the days when the students put their energies together and collected enough money for the swimming pool and for the athletic field, there has been no common interest of a practical sort to unite the efforts of everyone—of those now in Bryn Mawr and of those who have been here—in the undertaking. The first plans for starting a fund were much discussed, and met with very half-hearted approval. That which was proposed by E. W. Andrews, '93, and which was unanimously adopted by the mass meeting on March 12, has been enthusiastically received on every side, and has had a success that is truly gratifying. The support given to the committees has been by no means half-hearted, and has bespoken the fact that although there is now no one place in which Bryn Mawr traditions and interests centre, these traditions and interests do exist, and ought to be given an opportunity to show themselves. It has shown also that the present undergraduate body does not lack the spirit and unity to fit them to act vigorously when the occasion comes, even though the task presented be a great one.

"The May-pole is up,
Now give me the cup,
I'll drink to the garlands around it;
But first unto those
Whose hands did compose
The glory of flowers that crown'd it."

—*Herrick.*

In the time of Elizabeth, on May-day morning, the village-folk went into the woods and groves, and brought back the May-pole, "drawn by twentie yoake of oxen, every oxe having a sweet nosegaie of flowers, tied to the tip of his hornes. The pole is reared with handkerchiefes and flagges streaming on the top, they strawe the ground round about it, they bind green boughs about it, they set up summer halles, bowers, and arbours hard by it, and then fall they to banquetting and feasting, to leaping and dauncing about it." Such was the Old English May festival, revived on the Bryn Mawr College campus, May 1, 1900, for the benefit of the prospective students' building.

The program of the festival was a booklet, bearing on the cover a design by Miss Violet Oakley, of Philadelphia, representing a May-pole dance under the shadow of Taylor tower. On the first page appeared the list of patronesses with the names of the members of the Executive Committee, as follows: E. W. Andrews, '93, *chairman;* M. G. Thomas, '89; E. Fischel, 1900; M. T. Elmore, M. Reilly, 1901; A. M. Kidder, 1903; E. Wood, 1902.

The next page was headed: "Ye order of events of ye merry Maie games, as given by ye students of Bryn Mawr on ye College green, on ye first daye of Maie, in ye yeare of nineteen hundred."

To begin with, the halls were streaming with banners, and on the green, in front of Merion, were erected four May-poles, wound with bright streamers, and crowned with garlands. At three o'clock the pageant started through Pembroke Arch, marshalled by heralds in white and yellow bearing the Pembroke coat of arms. Behind followed the three hundred revellers, undergraduates, graduates and alumnæ, who were to participate in the games of the day. Drawn by oxen, whose horns were festooned with flowers, was the May-pole, accompanied by a band of flower girls. Behind come Winter and Spring, with their trains, fighting a mock battle, and ye lord and ye ladie of ye Maie, Robin Hood and Maid Marion, mounted on horseback. Robin Hood's merry men followed, all clad in Lincoln green. Then came the shepherds, the milkmaids, with their tankards, the Morris dancers with bells, the peddlers, cobblers, ballad mongers, even the scholars who did not disdain to watch, if they might not participate in the revels.

The pageant filed down the road to the May-pole green, and with cheers and singing planted their May-pole wound with wreaths. Then the dancers took their stand at the four other poles, twenty-four at each, and while the whole assembly sung a May song, they wove the streamers about the poles.

Then the programs of the classes followed. Three events took place at the same time in different parts of the campus, and each event was held twice during the afternoon, that the audience might miss as little as possible. The heralds separated the crowd to the different points of interest, where huge posters displayed what was going on.

The graduates and alumnæ had charge of three events, *Ye Tragical Enterlude of Pyramus and Thisby,* ye Saint George plays, and *Florizel and Perdita,* from the *Winter's Tale.* The Seniors gave *Ye Lady of ye Maie,* a play by Sir Philip Sidney, in which shepherds and shepherdesses met to dance about the May-pole. The Juniors

provided the part of the festival in which Robin Hood and his band appeared. Their first event represented Robin Hood forming his band, the dialogue being interspersed with ballads and songs. The second event was called *Some Merry Gestes of Robin Hood.* In these figured Little John and Will Scarlet, Friar Tuck and Allan a Dale, with a potter and a king who held converse with different members of the band. The Sophomores presented *The Arraignment of Paris,* a play by George Peele, in which Venus and Diana, and the other Grecian gods and goddesses, mingled with the affairs of men, their costumes forming a contrast to the jerkins and hoods of the May-day yeomen. The dancing was entrusted to the hands of the Freshmen. They had charge of the May-pole steps, though each class provided dancers for a pole. They gave *The Revesby Sword Play, or Morris Dancers,* a short dialogue connecting two Morris dances and a sword dance. Twelve milkmaids danced, with their pails, and the chimney-sweepers, to whom May-day is especially consecrated, had a dance of their own. They were decked out in gold paper and ribbons, and led by a mock lord and lady as they capered about Jack-in-the-Green for a May-pole. A hobby-horse followed the Morris dancers.

While not performing, the actors wandered about among the crowd, which was surely a unique one. There were the nine worthies, upon their donkeys, the jugglers, minstrels, and soldiers. There was an egg-woman, and an herb-woman, a wizard, a doctor, and a bootblack, even half a dozen young gallants, who had wandered in to see the country folk at their games.

At six o'clock the games concluded with a final dance of the milkmaids, and supper was served of such delectable old English dishes as *sallet of chickenys* and *jamme tartes.* After supper the yeoman and milkmaids disappeared, and the college campus, transported for the space of a few hours into the careless days of Old England, returned to its customary nineteenth century atmosphere of study.

A. M. K., 1903.

* * *

THE CONFERENCE COMMITTEE.

THE Conference Committee has never before been honored by having an account of itself in the LANTERN, which, perhaps, accounts for the fact that it is so little known by name throughout the college.

The following suggestion was made in a letter from the Alumnæ Association in 1893: That "in order to prevent estrangement between the Alumnæ and Undergraduate Associations, in order to promote good-will and fellowship, and in order to increase a spirit of union in working for the best good of Bryn Mawr, we should meet each other every year at stated intervals, through official channels of communication on either side, to confer on all matters that may be of interest to both association, or on any matters connected with the college."

In answer to this suggestion a committee of undergraduates, consisting of four members, elected by the Undergraduate Association and the president of the Association *ex-officio,* was formed. Ever since then there has been such a committee, which has met with committees from the Graduate and Alumnæ Associations.

The suggestion has proved an excellent one as a means for getting the graduate and alumnæ points of view, and, moreover, an efficacious method for promoting concerted action in the three associations, such action as we needed this year in planning for the May-day fête.

E. F., 1900.

* * *

COLLEGE SETTLEMENT CHAPTER.

THE Local Chapter of the College Settlement Association during the year 1899-1900 has worked along much the same lines as formerly. During the first semester the students were unable to go in to the Saturday morning games and classes on account of the unsettled condition of the Philadelphia Settlement. The Settlement has moved from its old home in Rodman street into two private houses, Nos. 433 and 435 Christian street, which have been thrown together, making a large and attractive building. Since February eight or ten students have gone in regularly on Saturday mornings, and several boys' clubs have been started under their direction. The settlers urge the students to visit the Settlement if for only one Saturday in the year, for it is felt that there can never be a close connection between the College Chapter and the wider work outside until there is greater knowledge of the Settlement systems among the students themselves.

The Bryn Mawr Chapter's gift to the new house is the large brick fireplace in the assembly room on the first floor, which was presented formally by the Chapter on April 7, after which ceremony the first fire was lighted. The fireplace was partly paid for by the proceeds from the *School for Scandal*, given early in the fall for the benefit of the Settlement. The same play also provided for the annual Christmas gift of twenty-five dollars, made by the Chapter to the Settlement.

The College Chapter this year has been greatly interested in the Consumers' League. Pauline D. Goldmark, '96, spoke to the students in the Chapel on the League, and Miss Anna C. Watmough spoke informally on co-operating with the Philadelphia League. It is to be hoped that in the future the local Chapter will extend its interests to all questions of practical economics and social reforms. With this object in view plans are being made this spring for a closer organization and more co-operation and effective work next year.

M. P., 1901.

* * *

THE GRADUATE CLUB.

THE plan of work instituted in the Graduate Club last year has been successfully carried on this year. There have been informal meetings held in the club rooms, addressed by members of the faculty of Bryn Mawr College, and formal meetings addressed by representative men from some of the leading universities. In addition to these meetings, the graduate school and faculty were entertained by the Graduate Club of the University of Pennsylvania, the address of the evening being delivered by Professor Barker of the Physics Department. According to the

custom of several years, tea has been poured in the club rooms four afternoons during the week. At the annual meeting of the Federation of Graduate Clubs, the club was represented by the president, Annie L. Wilkinson, who was made corresponding secretary of the Federation. At the informal meetings, the speakers have been as follows:

President Thomas on *Graduate Schools.*

Dr. W. A. Neilson on *Novelists on the Novel.*

Dr. A. S. MacKenzie on *How the Earth Is Weighed and Some Recent Results.*

Dr. C. M. Bakewell on *Socrates.*

Dr. C. A. Scott on *Mathematics as a Form of Fiction.*

The formal meetings have been addressed by:

Dean Ashley, of the Law School of the University of New York, on *Woman and the Study of Law.*

Dr. G. Stanley Hall, of Clark University, on *Psychology and Education.*

Dr. Alfred Gudeman, of the University of Pennsylvania, on *Achievements of Alexandria in Literature and Science.*

M. T. E.

* * *

THE PHILOSOPHICAL CLUB.

THE membership of the Philosophical Club has been larger than ever before during the year 1899-1900. Although there have been no informal discussions, the large audiences that have come together at the formal lectures in the drawing rooms of Pembroke East show that there is much interest in philosophy throughout the college.

The speakers during the present year have been:

Dr. Evander B. McGilvary. *Evolution and Idealism.*

Dr. Ralph Barton Perry. *The Moral Aspect of Freedom.*

Dr. David Irons. *Natural Selection in Ethics.*

Dr. James H. Leuba. *The Will to Live.*

Dr. Warner Fite. *Industry and Art—from the Standpoint of Psychology.*

Dr. Hugo Munsterburg. *The Practical Value of Psychology.*

G. L. J., 1900.

* * *

THE DE REBUS CLUB.

THE De Rebus Club was organized some years ago with the purpose of bringing to the college speakers on various subjects, which did not come directly within the scope of the college work or of other clubs. During the five years that it has been carrying on this work, under its present name and system, it is to be hoped that it has justified its existence.

As always, the chief difficulty in securing interesting speakers is entire lack of funds. Two years ago the college gave the De Rebus Club a sum of money which has so far served to cover its necessary expenses, but is now exhausted. Since

everyone in college, graduate and undergraduate, is a member of this club, we hope that another year enough financial support may be given, either by individual contributions or by subscription, to enable the committee to continue its work.

During the past year the De Rebus Club has been addressed by the following speakers:

Mrs. Enid Stacy Widdrington on *The Moral Issues of the Transvaal Question.*
Mr. John De Witt Warner on *Trusts—Industrial Monopolies.*
Miss Agnes Repplier on *The Use and Abuse of Reading.*
Professor William M. Sloane on *Napoleon's Place in History.*
Mr. Henry D. Sedgwick, Jr., on *Cervantes.*

C. H. S., 1900.

* * *

FORTNIGHTLY DEBATING CLUB.

THIS year as last the Fortnightly Debating Club has been a great success. The debates grow constantly more interesting, and the members (of the club) feel that they are making real progress toward the goal of quick thinking and clear, forcible speaking. Besides this, in the discussion of such matters as the policy of England in South Africa, free trade, woman's suffrage, or trusts, they succeed not only in creating an interest in, but also in gaining a far better understanding of, some of the most important questions of the day. The admission of guests to the debates has been a decided stimulus to the debaters, and it is to be hoped, now that 1902 as well as 1901, has a debating club that open debates between the two will be a means both of spurring the contestants on to do the best work possible, and of exciting in the college a wider interest in good speaking.

C. S. D., 1901.

* * *

THE MONDAY DEBATING CLUB.

THE Monday Debating Club, consisting of sixteen regular members, was organized in the second semester of the present academic year. Any member of the class of 1902 is eligible to full membership. As the club has been in existence such a very short time, it may be unwise at present to predict its complete success, but the two regular meetings, already held, have been most encouraging. The great interest of all members and the excellent work done by those immediately connected with the debates, have gone far to prove that the club not only expresses a need long felt by the Sophomore class, but that it also possesses abundant material upon which to base its future success.

E. T. O., 1902.

* * *

MUSIC COMMITTEE.

BY increasing slightly the price of tickets, and by giving four instead of five concerts, the Music Committee has succeeded this year in making the concerts secure financially, and there is little doubt that the deficit of last year will also be made up in full.

Two concerts by the Kneisel Quartette, a song recital by Mr. Bispham and a violin recital by Mr. Henri Marteau formed the regular series.

Through the kind interest of Dr. Hoppin, the Music Committee was able to arrange a series of three additional concerts, in which Mr. Elliott Schenck lectured on Wagner's Nibelungen Trilogy, using the piano to illustrate his exposition of the story and musical structure of the operas.

This year has been the most fortunate one in the musical history of Bryn Mawr, and if the interest of the students continues, the future of our regular concerts will be assured.

L. C. R., 1900.

* * *

CHRISTIAN UNION.

THE membership of the Union has been raised this year from 135 to 170. This increase is the result of the strong interest taken by the large Freshman class, though not a few names from the upper classes have been added to the membership list. The work of the various committees has been carried on without any radical changes. The Philanthropic Committee still continues to direct the work of reading to the patients in the Bryn Mawr Hospital, and of teaching the maids in the halls. The Bible study work has been arranged this year, as last, according to college classes, four for undergraduates and one for graduates. A regular course is thus being introduced, beginning with Freshman year and going through all four years.

Under the direction of the Missionary Committee the usual Christmas box was sent to the school of the Crow Indian Agency. The committee has also, as in former years, collected contributions to aid in the support of Dr. Jessica Carlton, of Umbala, India. The Mission Study Class has been under the leadership of Margaret Shearman, '94, pursuing with much interest the course mapped out by the Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions.

The Union has been addressed this year by Mr. Pandian, Mr. Frederic M. Gilbert, Miss Helen Howe, and Mr. Robert E. Speer.

F. S. S., 1901.

* * *

SUNDAY EVENING MEETING.

THE Sunday Evening Meeting has been this year perhaps even better supported than usual, having enjoyed at least a conspicuous increase in attendance. Changes in the tone of the meeting are so gradual and so elusive that one can hardly remark upon them; nevertheless, the temper of the meeting, which represents in its way, as one so largely attended must, very nearly the temper of the college, is of great significance for the serious side of our community life. It is a pleasure, therefore, to think that the Evening Meeting remains a meeting point for people of very different religious standards, and an opportunity for expression of the deeper thoughts of all.

C. S. U., 1899.

GLEE CLUB.

THE Glee Club has given only one regular concert this winter, which was held in the gymnasium on Friday evening, April 6. Financially it was a greater success than any of the concerts held within the last few years. As for musical achievements of the club, many noticed that the tone of the voices and balance of the parts had improved this year. While this is undoubtedly true, it is felt that a large part of the success is due to the thorough training given to the club by Mr. Selden Miller, the musical director, and to the excellent leadership of L. Constance Rulison, 1900. A new departure for the club was the organization of a quartette, whose singing of Neapolitan airs added charm and variety to the program. The soloists this year were Anna Phillips, 1903, and Alice Davidson, the former a member of the club, and the latter a graduate student, who was in the Glee Club last year.

Encouraged by the results of the winter's work, and the good-will of the college, the Glee Club is now preparing to take its characteristic part in the college life. After Easter the club will begin to sing at sunset on the Senior steps every evening.

M. M., 1900.

* * *

THE GYMNASIUM.

THIS year has marked a great improvement in the class work of the Gymnasium. Dr. Smith was most ably assisted by Miss Trowbridge, and the field of exercise was extended by the addition of new apparatus. The annual record marking and swimming contest were held with more than the usual success. Although the Gymnasium no longer meets the needs of the college for its largest entertainments, it is still adequate for all gymnastic purposes.

J. K., 1900.

* * *

THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

BASKET BALL more than ever has been the centre of all athletic interest at Bryn Mawr. In the spring of '99 the silver lantern was won by the class of 1900. The second annual undergraduate-alumnæ game was played on Commencement Day, and resulted again in a victory for the 'Varsity team.

In May a field day was held for the first time, and thus an opportunity was given for many events which it is impossible to perform in the gymnasium.

The Association is more prosperous in many ways than it has been of late years. With the aid of the college new dirt tennis courts and a hockey ground are being laid out between Radnor and Low Buildings. During the fall a tether ball was presented by Mr. H. M. Knowles, which offers a most acceptable form of exercise.

K. W., 1900.

* * *

LECTURES given before the college in 1899-1900:

THE REV. H. D. RAWNSLEY, HON. CANON OF CARLISLE. *The Literary Associations of the Southern Portion of the Lake Country.*

THE HON. MRS. W. PEMBER REEVES. *Woman's Suffrage in New Zealand.*

The Very Rev. Charles William Stubbs, D. D., Dean of Ely. *Ely Cathedral.*
Dr. Albert Schinz. *The Life and Literary Work of M. Henri de Regnier.*
M. Henri de Regnier. *The New Poetry School, The Poets of To-day.*
Professor J. Rendell Harris, A. M., Clare College, Cambridge. *Founder's Lectures.*

* * *

COLLEGE PREACHERS DURING THE YEAR 1899–1900.

Professor George Amos Barton, Ph. D., Bryn Mawr College.

The Rt. Rev. John H. Vincent, Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

The Rev. Floyd W. Tompkins, Rector of Holy Trinity Church, Philadelphia.

The Rev. John Sparhawk Jones, D. D., Pastor of the Calvary Presbyterian Church, New York City.

The Rev. David J. Burrell, D. D., Pastor of the Marble Collegiate Church, New York City.

President J. J. Mills, LL. D., President of Earlham College.

The Rev. Leverett Bradley, Rector of St. Luke's Church, Philadelphia.

President Francis Landey Patton, D. D., LL. D., President of Princeton University.

* * *

GRADUATE CLUB.

President—Annie Lyndesay Wilkinson.
Vice-President—Catharine Saunders.
Secretary—Winifred M. Kirkland.
Treasurer—Mary Isabel Northway.
Executive Committee—May Terry Elmore.
Mary Bidwell Breed, '94.
Mary Inda Hussey.

* * *

PHILOSOPHICAL CLUB.

President—Grace Latimer Jones, 1900.
Vice-President—Alletta Louise Van Reypen, 1900.
Secretary—Emily Redmond Cross, 1901.

* * *

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

President—Kate Williams, 1900.
Secretary—Bertha Margaret Laws, 1901.
Treasurer—Helen May Billmeyer, 1902.
Out-door Manager—Elizabeth Wales Emmons, 1901.
In-door Manager—Johanna Kroeber, 1900.

DE REBUS CLUB.

Chairman—Clara Hitchcock Seymour, 1900.

Committee—
- Alletta Louise Van Reypen, 1900.
- Amelia Elizabeth White, 1901.
- Emily Redmond Cross, 1901.
- Sylvia Church Scudder, 1901.
- Alice Hooker Day, 1902.

* * *

CHRISTIAN UNION.

President—Fanny Soutter Sinclair, 1901.
Vice-President—Helen Prentiss Converse, 1901.
Secretary—Helen Stewart, 1902.
Treasurer—Jessie Chambers McBride, 1900.

* * *

COLLEGE SETTLEMENT CHAPTER.

Elector—Marion Parris, 1901.
Secretary—Emily Redmond Cross, 1901.
Treasurer—Elizabeth Dabney Langhorne Lewis, 1901.

* * *

MUSIC COMMITTEE.

Chairman—Lucy Constance Rulison, 1900.
Elizabeth Dabney Langhorne Lewis, 1901.
Marion Lucy Wright, 1901.

* * *

UNDERGRADUATE ASSOCIATION.

President—Mary Southgate, 1901.
Secretary—Elizabeth Congdon, 1902.
Treasurer—Edith Thompson Orlady, 1902.
Assistant Treasurer—Edith Dabney, 1903.

* * *

STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION FOR SELF-GOVERNMENT.

EXECUTIVE BOARD.

President—Edna Fischel, 1900.
Vice-President—Marion Reilly, 1901.
Fanny Soutter Sinclair, 1901.
Katharine Lord, 1901.
Lucy Constance Rulison, 1900.
(Resigned February, 1900.)
Secretary—Mary Southgate, 1901.
Treasurer—Helen Prentiss Converse, 1901.

CHANGES IN THE FACULTY AND STAFF OF BRYN MAWR COLLEGE FOR THE YEAR 1900-1901.

Dr. Herbert Weir Smyth, Professor of Greek, will return, after his year of absence at the American School of Classical Studies, in Athens.

Dr. Hamilton's appointment as Lecturer in Greek for one year, during Dr. Smyth's absence in Greece, closes.

Dr. Joseph Auguste Fontaine has resigned the Professorship of French on account of ill health.

Dr. Bakewell has resigned the Associate Professorship of Philosophy.

Dr. David Irons has been appointed Associate in Philosophy. University of St. Andrew's, 1887-90; Ramsay Scholar, University of St. Andrew's, 1891; Fellow in Philosophy, Cornell University, 1892-93; University of Berlin and Jena, 1893-94; Ph. D., Cornell University, 1894; Lecturer in Philosophy, Cornell University, 1894-96; Acting Professor in charge of Department of Philosophy, University of Vermont, two terms, 1896-97; Instructor in Philosophy, Cornell University, 1897-1900.

Dr. William Allan Nielson has resigned the Associateship in English.

Miss Agnes F. Perkins has resigned the Readership in English.

Miss Nellie Neilson has been appointed Reader in English. Miss Neilson is an A. B. of Bryn Mawr College, 1893; A. M., 1894, and Ph. D., 1899. She was a graduate student in history and English, Bryn Mawr College, 1893-94; Fellow in history, Bryn Mawr College, 1894-95; holder of the American Fellowship of the Association of Collegiate Alumnæ, and graduate student in English and history, 1895-96. She studied history in Cambridge, England, and in the Public Record Office, London, 1896-97. She has been teacher of History in Miss Irwin's School, Philadelphia, since 1897.

Miss Anna Belle Lawther has resigned the Assistant Bursarship.

Miss Mary Hunter Linn has resigned the Mistresship of Pembroke Hall, West. Miss Clarrissa Worcester Smith has been appointed Mistress of Pembroke Hall, West.

* * *

EUROPEAN FELLOWS FOR THE YEAR 1900-1901.

Bryn Mawr European Fellow.—Elizabeth Mary Perkins.
Washington, D. C. Group: Greek and Latin.

President's European Fellow.—Sara Henry Stites.
Wyoming, Pa. A. B., Bryn Mawr College, 1899; Graduate Scholar in History and Political Science, 1899-1900.

Mary E. Garrett European Fellow.—Caroline Brown Bourland.
Peoria, Ill. A. B., Smith College, 1893. Teacher of French and German in Mrs. Starratt's School, Oak Park, Ill., 1895-96, and in the High School, Peoria, 1896-97; Student Sorbonne and Collège de France, 1897-98; Fellow in Romance Languages, Bryn Mawr College, 1898-99; Graduate Scholar and Fellow by Courtesy in Romance Languages, 1899-1900.

RESIDENT FELLOWS FOR THE YEAR 1900-1901.

Greek.—Kate Niles Morse, Haverhill, Massachusetts.

A. B., Mt. Holyoke College, 1898. A. M., Mt. Holyoke College, 1900. Graduate Student, Bryn Mawr College, 1898-99. Graduate Student, Mt. Holyoke College, 1899-1900.

Latin.—Jessie Pell Brown, Ontario, Canada.

A. B., University of Toronto, 1897. Ontario School of Pedagogy, 1897-98. Graduate Student, University of Colorado, 1898-1900, and Instructor in Latin, University of Colorado, 1899-1900.

English.—Edith Sophia Hooper, Lee, Kent, England.

M. A., University of Edinburgh, with honors in Philosophy, 1899; with honors in English, 1900.

Teutonic Philology.—Margerethe Urdahl, Madison, Wis.

B. L., University of Wisconsin, 1896. University of Berlin, 1898-99. University of Heidelberg, summer of 1899. University of Christiania, Norway, autumn of 1899.

Romance Languages.—Rebecca Shapiro, Madison, Wis.

B. L., University of Wisconsin, 1898. Graduate Student, University of Wisconsin, 1899-1900. To take M. L. degree this June.

Semitic Languages.—Scholarship to Mary Inda Hussey.

Ph. B., Earlham College, 1896. Graduate Student in Biblical Literature, Bryn Mawr College, 1897-98, and Foundation Scholar, 1897-99.

History.—Grace Elizabeth McNair, Brodhead, Wis.

B. L., University of Wisconsin, 1898. M. L., University of Wisconsin, 1899. Assistant in History, Madison High School, one term, 1899-1900.

Philosophy.—Margaret Edith Henry, Lincoln, Neb.

A. B.,University of Nebraska, 1898. A. M. (to be conferred), 1900. Graduate Scholar in Philosophy, University of Nebraska, 1898-99, and Fellow, 1899-1900.

Mathematics.—(Not conferred.)

Physics.—Mary Isabel Northway, Toronto, Ontario.

A. B., University of Toronto, 1898. Ontario Normal College, 1898-99. Graduate Student in Physics, Bryn Mawr College, 1899-1900.

Chemistry.—Winona Alice Hughes, Marion, Ohio.

Ph. B., University of Wooster, 1891. Cornell University, summer 1894. Harvard University, summer 1895. University of Chicago, 1897-99. Assistant in Chemical Laboratory, University of Chicago, summer 1898. Teacher of Science in public schools, Marion, Ohio, 1892-97. Teacher of Science in the High School, Mansfield, Ohio.

Biology.—Amelia Catherine Smith, Philadelphia, Pa.

S. B., University of Pennsylvania, 1899. Graduate Scholar in Biology, Bryn Mawr College, 1899-1900.

"LEVIORE PLECTRO."

"born to be
An hour or half's delight."

THE THREE.

I.

I leaned out to the night,
I laughed against the wind,
I bowed my head and sighed.
"In vain, in vain, in vain!" I maddened cried.
"What is my might?
"A powerless beating of a pulseless wind.
"In vain! Rocks and the sea!
"Storm and a tireless god!
"In vain! Life is for me
"A chastening rod,
"And after that the soft, soft pressure of effacing sod.
"Oh! this were bliss, and rest, and senseless pain
"After the anguish of the long in vain."

II.

I leaned out to the night,
I bit against the wind,
I raised my voice and prayed.
"God, is there hope? God, is there hope?" I said
"Not that by right
"I claim thy mercy and thy pity kind.
"Help me! I will be strong,
"Tireless, forgiving, brave.
"Help me! However long
"Cometh the grave!
"This, and the thought, thy strong, great, powerful hand stretched forth to save.
"Oh, it were hope and joy, and lasting peace
"After long travail that the way shall cease."

III.

I leaned out to the night,
I braced against the wind,
I stilled my breath and wept.
"Love mine, joy mine, life mine!—then mine the debt,
'And this my right,
"To praise God, love God, seek God till I find,
'Love, how the world is fair!
"Blest that thou liv'st by me.
"Love, can I find God there,
"Worshipping thee?
"Take but thy right, nor curse a soul in long perplexity.
"I had best lived for thee, till on the breath
"Of the night-wind I heard the whispered death."

L. F., '99.

SWEETNESS.

Yellow the hair of Sweetness,—
Yellow as gold!
Braided in strands of light,
Sunshine wintry-cold
Swept from a sorrowful brow
Hundreds of life-times old.
Ah, but observe her now!
Catch the laugh in her eyes,—
Laughter that never dies,—
Flashes of gold!

Know you the smile of Sweetness?
Ever amused!
Kindly enough at times,
Very skilfully used.
Gaiety such as hers
Is not to be abused.
Thus, she never errs,
Standing afar away,
Smiling, as well she may,
Ever amused.

Best you study her not,—
Sweetness is scarce to be known.
Never to be forgot,
Never to be beloved,
Never once to be praised
For the wisdom her days have shown;
Pray you, study her not;
Sweetness is best forgot;
Leave her, alas, alone.

E. T. D., 1901.

—

A RHAPSODY.

To-night the stars,
To-morrow night the wind,
The next the touch, the life-full touch,
Of rain-thrilled air.

A dewdrop and a rose,
A beaten bud,
The scent of musk,
Of damp, dark earth,
Of boxwood's moistened leaves.

The moon, the stars, the rain,
The garden's wealth,
To-days, to-morrows infinite—
All this is life, and I
Stand in it senseless, adoreless, severe,
Wind-loved, star-sought,—
A shadow in the night.

L. F., '99.

—

THE LOW-BACKED CAR.

Peggy's full of faddish fancies,
  Warmest liking soonest freezes,
Now a blooded steed that prances,
  Now a horseless carriage pleases.
O that I had pen more graphic
  To describe her, nothing fearing,
Through the parting tides of traffic
  Nonchalantly, gayly steering!

Threat'ning doom to wheel and tire
  Like a scourge she clears the highway.
Coachmen, pausing to admire,
  Fain must seek the nearest byway;
Radiant, triumphant, queenly,
  Winning all men to adore her,
Juggernaut she rides serenely
  O'er the prostrate hearts before her.

I'm the lucky fellow sitting
  By her side with fists clenched tightly,
Pale, I own, 'tis only fitting
  One who tries to hold Death lightly;
Tho' I'm far from bold by nature,
  For this anguish, life I'd barter,
Such ecstatic immolature
  Suits me like an early martyr.

Gods! an awful vision rises!
  Can my tortured spirit bear it?
Fate has still some dread surprises,—
  Shall I, must I, need I dare it?
Peggy in an airship sailing
  High above the clouds, Titanic,—
I beside her, at the railing
  Clutching in a sea-green panic.

E. C., '90.

THE MASQUES.

'Tis gay and glittering Harlequin,
And Columbina, pink and fair,
With trinkets in her yellow hair;
Unthinkingly they play their part,
For each has won the other's heart,—
A hard, hard prize to win!

Poor Columbina is not wise,—
She smiles and hardly says a word;
Her little voice is seldom heard.
She knows the gestures of her plays,
And dances well; that's all, she says,
That's all, without disguise.

But Arlecchino much prefers
Her as she is; for tinselled wit,
And laughter, he is tired of it;
Of spangles, patches, tricks and masks,—
Indeed, he says, he never asks
More gaiety than hers.

Ah, sorceress without design,
Who need not even speak, to win
The fleeting love of Harlequin!
What subtle charm can quite compare
With your dumb smile and yellow hair,
Unrivalled Columbine?

E. T. D., 1901.

* * *

TO AN OPAL.

(Sonnet.)

A fairy sunset o'er a fairy lake;
A fire at night upon a fairy sea;
The message of my tender heart to thee,
Throbbing and burning for thy true love's sake.
Ah! if a lifeless stone such glory take
From air, and light, and mist, might it not be
That warmer tinges from my heart, from me
'Twould gain, and for me passions' pleading make;
Tell her of love that naught on earth can pale,
Though life be long and all else fade and fail?
Tell her of trials borne through love alone?
Cast all my being at her spirit's throne?
On to thy mission with right grateful speed,
And yielding not to thee, she's cold indeed!

—Reprinted from the Fortnightly Philistine. *H. L. R., 1901.*

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